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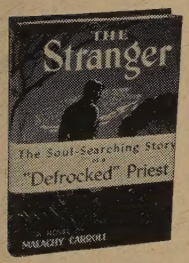

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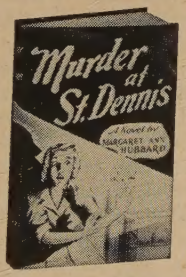

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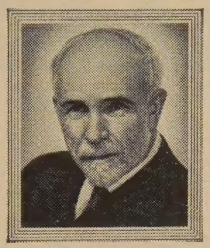

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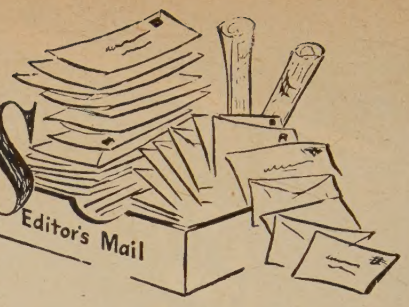

For Men Only?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

While reading the "Letters" column in the August issue of THE SIGN, I was rather amazed to find a letter from a Mt. Holly reader stating that THE SIGN has not lived up to the expectations of herself and her family, and that it is "entirely a man's magazine." Never having been either a student of literature or a well-qualified critic thereof, I make no blanket statement so drastic, but do feel that now I too must express my humble opinion.

I think THE SIGN covers "women's interests" very well. It seems to me that in these critical days, "women's interests" should indeed not dwell exclusively on "the fashions, recipes, or child care articles" as carried on by secular journals, as the articles in recent issues of THE SIGN so wonderfully and clearly pictured. At this time, I don't believe I'd care to see that phase of "women's interests" explored by THE SIGN.

CORNELIA KEOGH

Northport, New York

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Please, Mrs. Darpino, no fashions, recipes, or child care articles in THE SIGN! I have always read THE SIGN for its interpretation of world events from the Catholic viewpoint. Because its pages have never been covered with cheap, shoddy "fillers," THE SIGN has always seemed far superior to secular publications. In my opinion, fashions, recipes, et cetera, would bring this magazine down to the level of the aforementioned. Much valuable space would be lost that could otherwise be filled with more worthwhile material. Recipes belong in a cookbook; fashions in a fashion magazine; child care (of the physical type, that is) in a parents' magazine. Such things are out of place in this publication.

EILEEN B. HENNESSY

Bellmore, N. Y.

The "Liberal" View

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

A letter appearing in your August edition provokes this letter of comment. The letter, from M. Willis of Brooklyn, attempts to vindicate the Commie-exposing methods of Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin. M. Willis believes, along with McCarthy, that "Emily Post has no place in dealing with gangsters." In addition, Willis is "sure that Senator McCarthy cannot help feeling a kinship with his Saviour, who, in a moment of righteous indignation, drove the money changers from the temple."

In the current social era, evidently, adherents of Communistic philosophy are much hated by the socially self-righteous. Such, of course, has not always been the case. Formerly Fascists, Protestants, even Christians, and prior to them, the Chosen People, were converted into the scapegoats or punching bags of the shameless socially negligent.

Fallen nature, it seems, requires and always has required a certain amount of self-inflation, attainable only at the expense of others, in order to perennially puff its balloon of self-deceit.

DORIS DECUIR

Sacramento 18, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If any are "puffing up the balloon of their own self-deceit," it seems to be the "broadminded" who brand as "self-righteous" those who criticize legitimately, and who dismiss Red traitors as "scapegoats."

Immigration

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Once again the Catholic Press slanders a courageous Christian American. This time it is Senator McCarran in regard to the McCarran-Walter Bill. Better than three years' work went into the making of this bill and it was highly approved by the Justice Department, the Immigration Department, and the State Department. It was designed to keep out undesirables, and heaven knows, we need that.

Why don't you check with the Immigration authorities and the F.B.I. to see why they are trying to keep out the anti-Christian element that has been pouring into our country. At times these elements have totaled 75 per cent.

WILLIAM BREHENY

Oak Lawn, Illinois

The Alcoholic and the Job

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations on that well-written article by John P. Callahan in the August issue of THE SIGN. The article was indeed timely, as it shows what can be accomplished for sick (alcoholic) employees thru Alcoholics Anonymous; and it made me very happy to note that some of the top

(*Continued on page* 78)

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

OCTOBER 1952

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Editor's page

The Weapon of Publicity

WHENEVER we publish an editorial or article exposing fellow travelers and Red fronts, our mail is seasoned for some time with hostile letters in which certain stock phrases follow one another in a tiresome and stereotyped profusion: "black list," "guilt by accusation," "guilt by association," "hysteria," "witchhunt," "denial of civil liberties," "denial of freedom of thought and speech."

Let us get the picture straight. The Communist Party is not a bona fide political party. Lenin himself cautioned party members against ever constituting it as a political party in the democratic sense. It is really a conspiratorial apparatus, completely controlled by Moscow, and dedicated to the overthrow of our system of government by means fair or foul. It operates directly through open and underground members and indirectly through fellow travelers and front organizations. Fellow travelers and fronters are an integral part of the movement, follow its directions, and pour funds into its coffers. They are therefore disloyal and should be tracked down and exposed in the public interest.

Admittedly, a few fronters are innocents who have been duped into lending their names, influence, and efforts to an evil cause. We can accept no plea of innocence, however, from those who have been guilty in the past three or four years, during which time Communist fronts have been publicly exposed by official agencies of the Government as well as by a variety of publications. Fronters of this period are either disloyal or stupid or both and must face the consequences.

In testifying before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, J. Edgar Hoover declared: "Victory will be assured once Communists are identified and exposed, because the public will take the first step of quarantining them so they can do no harm." That is equally true of fronters and fellow travelers. Identification and exposure are the only effective weapons for dealing with them. The pressure brought to bear by publicity has brought them crawling out of their holes into the light of day in such numbers that we doubt reform unless it is proved by acts of an anti-Communist nature.

Some object that it is unfair to identify publicly individuals belonging to Communist Party fronts because this creates a black list depriving them of employment. We maintain that it is not only permissible but praiseworthy, because it is in the national interest and is the only effective weapon for dealing with them. And if black lists are bad, why the silence concerning the "unfair lists" of certain leftist trade unions? Why do we hear nothing of the black lists of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, which publishes a regular bulletin containing names of real or alleged anti-Semites and supplies "confidential reports" on those it believes unfriendly. Evidently it makes a difference whose ox is gored.

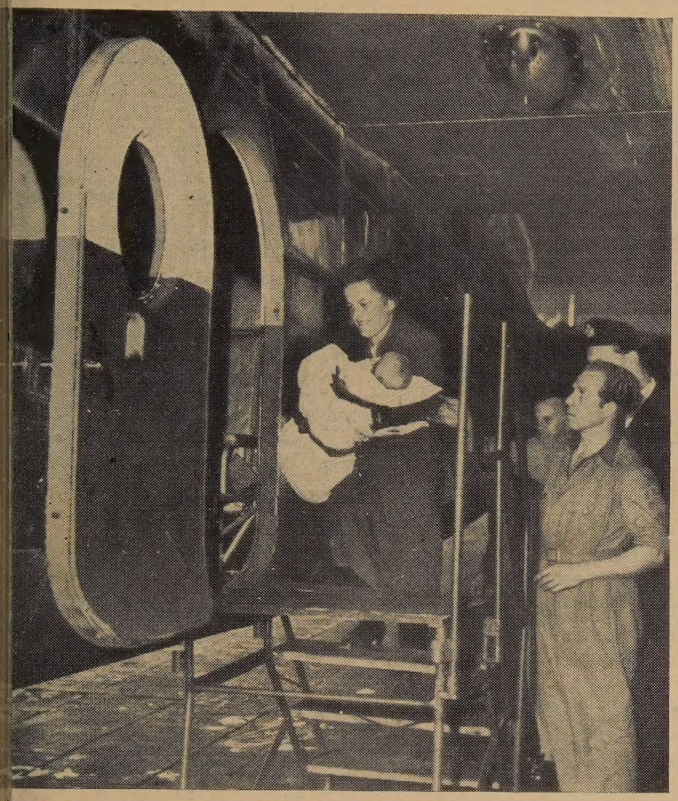
ENEMIES of Communist-exposé publications try to create the impression that they are careless with truth and accept accusation as conviction. This is silly on the face of it, as a public accusation that an individual is a Communist or fellow traveler is per se libelous, and the one making the accusation can be haled into court. Just about the least intelligent of all the arguments is that the Communist Party is a legal party and therefore there is nothing illegal in affiliating with it. True, but neither is there anything illegal when an anti-Communist publicizes such affiliation.

The trouble is that many people fail to think the matter through for themselves and have substituted catch phrases for thought. In this they have been imposed upon by the apologists of the Left, who would destroy our freedom in the name of freedom. The spotlight of publicity has produced excellent results. The wails with which it has been greeted are an excellent measure of its effectiveness.

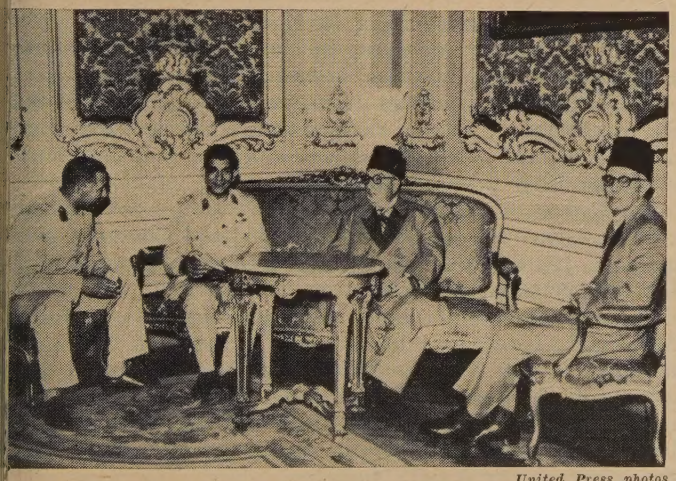
Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



A German mother and baby escape from Red terror into West Berlin. But, as few realize, they must be flown over more Red territory to get to the Free German zones.



United Press photos

Egyptian Gen. Mahamed Naguib, who led the coup against King Farouk, meets with three new regents. Their power will be limited, as the General does all the dictating.

Keep Government Out of Labor

WE do not like the trend of the last fifteen years, which has made government a party to important collective-bargaining decisions. Too often what happened was the death of collective bargaining and the acceptance of a government-imposed contract. We oppose this trend for many reasons. One is that we already have too much centralization of federal power. Much of this has been necessary. But if we keep it up, Uncle Sam will be tucking us to bed each night and leading us in our morning prayers the next day. Moreover, an imposed "agreement" is not always a good contract. Outsiders rarely know an industry as well as the parties concerned. Even if the terms are good, the fact that they are forced is likely to produce trouble in carrying them out.

We are not attacking mediators and conciliators, even the federal variety. Our Lord said: "Blessed are the peacemakers," and this applies to persons who mediate labor disputes. But it is one thing to help parties to settle their own problems. It is a different and dangerous approach to make the decisions for them and force them to accept them.

This business of running to the Great White Father is a relatively new approach to labor problems. The American Federation of Labor has always prided itself on its attitude of voluntarism. It felt that it had the strength and maturity to settle its own difficulties. On the whole, it has done its job well. There were problem areas of racketeering and jurisdictional disputes. The Taft-Hartley Act has done its bit to meet these difficulties. But the average A.F. of L. Union does its bargaining with the employer and him alone. The results are usually good.

By contrast, the C.I.O. has not yet made up its mind. It was born of government aid, through the Wagner Act. This type of government action, to protect the basic right to organize, we heartily endorse. But in the early infancy of the C.I.O., the war broke out and the War Labor Board took over the job of settling disputes. It was supposed to act after collective bargaining had broken down. But too often the process was one of going through the motions of bargaining and letting the WLB take over. All unions and industries did some of this during the war, but some found it hard to break the habit.

After the war, the process continued in some well publicized cases. The recent steel strike and its predecessors are examples. Frankly, we do not have enough facts to assess the blame among industry, labor, and government. Had industry made its later offers earlier, there would have been no strike. Had labor been less sure of its friends in Washington, it might have moderated its demands. The Administration did not help at all by endorsing labor's full claims. A tyro in collective bargaining knows that claims are always puffed up for bargaining purposes.

But the root of the matter was the conviction that govern-

United Press

Red China's Premier, Chou En-Lai, shown in Moscow, discussing further co-operation between the two nations. Red China is only the stooge in the show. Will it ever realize it?

New Soviet Ambassador, Andrei Gromyko, in London. He caused plenty of confusion in the U. N.; now he probably plans to cause more confusion over the issue of Red China.

U. S. Naval Chief, Admiral Fechteler, with General Sun Li-Jen review Nationalist troops on Formosa. Even though they aren't fighting, these trained troops worry the Reds.

ment would bail out the parties without a costly strike. There was not a proper will for settlement. Nor will there be until labor and industry determine to solve their own problems. Government should step in only for a genuine emergency, not a manufactured one. Here is one reform which calls for no law. We need a new attitude in government and in some of our industries and unions. National-disaster strikes must be curbed, of course. But the habit of running to Washington for tailor-made solutions of labor disputes can also be called a national disaster.

OUR Atlantic Fleet could float with ease in the tons of ink that have been used in the past few years to describe the Communist menace. The citizens of all free nations, especially our own, are deeply concerned over the fate of nations like Poland, Hungary, Lithuania, Rumania, and China that have been forced to surrender their cherished freedoms. The free press has amply exposed the Communist torture tactics: the concentration camps, the secret police, and the labor gangs.

The Rosary As A Weapon

However, none are more concerned over the fate of these nations, than we Catholics. For we know that fundamentally this is a spiritual tragedy. We know that the Kremlin is employing every means to discredit and destroy the Church and to rob the peoples of these unfortunate nations of their precious heritage of the true faith.

In the month of October, the month dedicated to the Queen of the Holy Rosary, the Church points out in a particular way our special obligation toward these unfortunate peoples. In a spirit of faith, the Church asks us to recite our beads daily for the cause of true peace. Not a peace of the present day which amounts to a precarious truce, but a peace that will descend on all peoples—including those "contained" behind the Iron Curtain. For the faith that we are called upon to exercise is not the natural faith in our military might, in our guns and tanks, but a deep abiding faith in the Queen of the Holy Rosary, who is more formidable than an army in battle array.

ON September 2, news came out of Hong Kong of another martyrdom and another brilliant incident in the history of Maryknoll. The news was reported by Maryknoll Sister Joan Marie Ryan, and it concerned Maryknoll's Bishop Francis X. Ford. Bishop Ford died in a Communist prison, in Canton, last February 21. Sister Joan Marie, employed as a barefooted, slave-labor water carrier, was told of the event by the Reds and released to Hong Kong where she was immediately hospitalized.

Bishop Ford: Man Of Maryknoll

The Bishop's arrest and subsequent treatment followed the usual pattern. He was charged with espionage, possession of weapons, and other illegal acts which Communist courts select for their propaganda value.

On his way to the Canton prison, he was paraded through villages, beaten up by Chinese students, and showered with garbage. His death in jail appears to have resulted from a full year of similar treatment.

Bishop Ford's death is, in a unique way, a symbol of Maryknoll. He was the first student to enroll in the newly founded Foreign Mission Society, forty years ago. He was completely dedicated to the missions and, on three former occasions, narrowly escaped death as a captive of Chinese bandits. No one better than he, their first student, lived out the spirit of Maryknoll's founders.

While we sympathize with Maryknoll over their loss, we are smitten with an envy of them which we are sure is inno-

cent. In this instance, God, hunting for a hero, went to Maryknoll. Being infallibly informed, He went there because He knew He could readily find one.

National Catholic Youth Week

OCTOBER 19-26 is National Catholic Youth Week. These seven days will be observed with the routine functions of Catholic celebration—rallies, Holy Hours, united prayers for peace and for the protection of those in the service, attendance at Mass, and reception of Communion. The observance is sponsored by the Youth Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. It will involve 6,000,000 American boys and girls. This is its second birthday.

Which provides us with a convenient occasion for saying something we think needs saying.

For the past few years, Catholics in the United States have had to endure one of those recurring epidemics of bigotry which commentators refuse to identify as such. For lack of a real case, this unfortunate persecution has been built on most unlikely material. Recently, for instance, on the fact that Catholics insist on an honest opportunity for the religious instruction of those children whose parents want them to have it.

The basic propaganda line of this campaign has been that Catholics are below par as Americans. And that all their bothersome promotion of religion is discredited by its production of a low-grade citizenry.

To this gratuitous calumny, we retort that Catholics are above par as citizens. Not perfect, by any means. But better than average. Catholics have been almost flawlessly loyal to the United States. Despite the fact that there has never been a time when a sizeable group of citizens has not hated and misrepresented them. Catholics pay a higher price for their citizenship than the average.

Catholics have this real margin of superiority precisely because of the training which the Church gives Catholic boys and girls, a training which is commemorated by National Catholic Youth Week.

Citizenship Built On Conscience

THE Catholic child is taught that good citizenship is demanded by a more urgent code than the mere desire for individual liberty or material prosperity. It is demanded by the Law of God. God says quite plainly that we must obey the laws of the state and civil authority. God sees every secret breach of good citizenship, even those hidden from the cop on the beat or the F.B.I. He will take care that anybody who cheats his country will catch it later on, no matter who lays a wreath on his grave or how big a band plays at his funeral. This is all spelled out to the unfolding moral consciousness of the Catholic child.

He is taught also that God will make it up handsomely to the good citizen. No matter how insignificant he feels or how much he seems to be overlooked.

This, we suggest, is mighty good motivation for first-class citizenship. The highest, most consistent motivation. The kind that doesn't break down when a fellow sees a safe way of profitably punching a hole in the civil law.

We also suggest that it is a motivation which cannot be supplied by anything but religion. The official secularism of the public schools cannot effectively appeal to obligations of conscience or the eternal vigilance of God.

In observing a National Catholic Youth Week, the Church in the United States is serving not only Catholic youth but the whole American public. She is reminding 6,000,000 boys and girls of the paramount importance of personal integrity

Religious News

Luciano Cozza of Englewood, Colorado, didn't win the soap box derby, but he certainly deserves a medal for Catholic Action. He had a good message for all spectators.

United Press

A burly Marine cries as he receives medical treatment on front lines in Korea. The battle of Bunker Hill may be a police action to politicians, but it's war to the soldiers.

U. S. Army photo

Chaplain McGoohan visits orphanage in Korea. Notice the well-dressed orphans. They are all "dolled up" in the clothes that generous Americans sent to Korean Relief.

Oil workers leave American refinery on Bahrein Island in Persian Gulf. Iran claims the island; Britain says it is independent. Another sore spot in East-West relations.

United Press photos

In a great display of faith, 30,000 Catholic young men and women, mostly from East Germany, attend Catholic Convention in West Berlin. Many Protestants gave them board.

and responsible citizenship. She is providing them with the best motivation for loyalty and patriotic service.

She is preserving the United States from secularist paragons like Hiss and Coplon, Sobell and the Rosenbergs.

Skeletons In The Party Closets

THE "feeling out," early rounds of the presidential campaign are over. About this time, the General and the Governor should be opening up with everything they practiced in the gym. We think their repertoire of platform punches should include clear answers to two questions. The questions are important ones, and a lot of people are interested in them.

The question for Governor Stevenson is: How does he feel about the undeniable diplomatic errors which his party has contrived during its twenty-year tenure? Does the Governor admit to the errors? Has he a plan for salvaging the situation and—as far as possible—retrieving it? Or will he, like Mr. Truman, consider criticism of mistakes an added reason for obstinately perpetuating them? In his appointments, is he going to give the public a case of fidgets by selecting—as Mr. Truman often did—controversial personalities? And is he, thereby, going to make it look as if his party lacks executive material which is not also a security risk?

The Governor has lambasted Senator McCarthy. Probably figuring that the Administration and other detached allies have softened up the Senator's reputation so that he can be used as a diversion.

But the only way Senator McCarthy enters the case is in the counterfeit role of a red herring. No one needs to be told that Governor Stevenson thinks Joe has been less than cautious in trying to tag the architects of disaster. But everybody wants to know what the Democratic candidate thinks of the disaster.

The Elephant Skeleton

THE question for General Eisenhower is this: Does he believe in the broad principles of the social legislation which the pre-1932 Republican Party failed to enact and which the Democratic Party did enact? It may sound like a pretty good argument against the Democrats to say that we are actually in the midst of an inflation, and that the money in our pockets and the TV aerial on the roof exist only because the Administration has hocked another generation of Americans who eventually will have to pick up the check or wash dishes.

But who is going to burn up the voting machines voting Republican because of that? New voters remember nothing but Democratic administration and something that looks reasonably like prosperity. Older voters remember the last Republican administration and something that looked suspiciously like economic collapse.

The General will find it no easier to frighten voters with the promise of a future depression than a preacher finds it to frighten old sinners with a promise of hell fire.

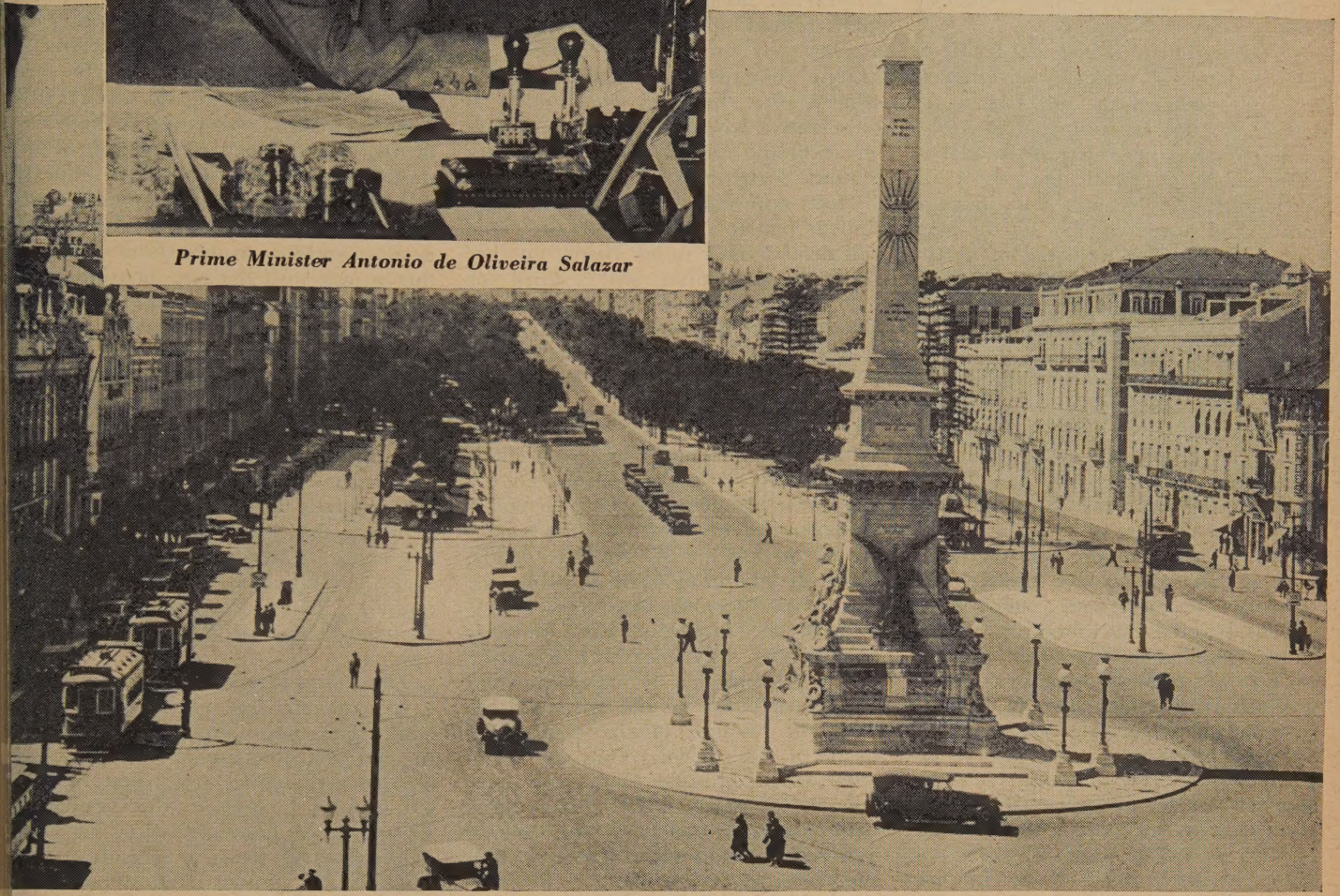
He must come right out for the social legislation which appears to have done so much better for the average citizen than the former policy which the same average citizen learned to call *laissez faire*. His public relations team should be able to find a way for him to do it without branding his party with the unforgivable sin of having made a mistake. Eisenhower can't win the championship by sparring with a few ejected revenue agents any more than Stevenson can win by sparring with McCarthy. Those personalities are only incidental furnishings of the presidential political arena.

You can't win a fight by swinging at the ring posts.

Prime Minister Antonio de Oliveira Salazar

Under the Salazar regime, Portugal has enjoyed peace and prosperity with future prospects just as bright

by LEONARD J. SCHWEITZER



Keystone Photos

A view of the Avenida da Liberdade, one of the finest thoroughfares in Lisbon, Portugal

Portugal Under Salazar

TO many people, Portugal represents a quaint and sleepy European enclave, a sort of impoverished rural Arcadia whose inhabitants strum guitars and sing plaintive songs as they tend the sunny vineyards which produce Great Britain's favorite tipple, Port. To a few people, mostly Communists, left-wing Socialists, and fellow-traveling pseudo liberals, Portugal is a suffering land, writhing under the double handicap of "colonial" tutelage to Wall Street and a heavy-handed dictatorial government, ruling in the name of reactionary Fascism. Neither picture could be further from the truth.

Portugal's economy is still predominantly agricultural and sea-faring, but industry is expanding rapidly and is supported by an abundance of mineral wealth within the country and in its overseas possessions. Today, this western-most portion of the Iberian peninsula is one of the few countries of Western Europe enjoying a favorable balance of trade. As a result its shops are full, its merchants and industrialists prosperous, and its people the beneficiaries of a better standard of living than many of their fellow Europeans.

That standard of living is rising with each passing year. Portugal is also a solid help to its partners in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, because it understands the perils of our times and is therefore fully co-operative with its senior partners in NATO, the United States and Great Britain.

Portugal's government is not what we would select for ourselves, since it is a dictatorship, albeit a mild and paternal one. The government of Prime Minister Antonio de Oliveira Salazar has lasted for more than a quarter of a century and in all that time has never found it necessary to resort to either the machine gun or the concentration camp to enforce its rule or intimidate the op-

position. This is a remarkable record in a country which previously has always been suspicious of its government and quick to react to tyranny. Between 1910, when the Portuguese monarchy was overthrown, and 1926, when Dr. Salazar was raised to power, the Portuguese people discarded one government after another because none pleased them. Dr. Salazar's regime evidently does.

The atmosphere in Portugal is one of calm content. True, the government does not conform to our concept of democracy, but it is unjust to judge foreign nations by American standards, developed by our particular way of life and thought. It is better to judge a people and a government by their actions and their deeds instead of by the outward paraphernalia of their legal structure or by the façade of authority they have erected to deal with their own peculiar problems.

The tests to be applied to a foreign government, differing in structure from ours, are three very simple questions. Is that government externally aggressive? Is that government tyrannical at home? Does that government please its own people? In the case of Portugal the resounding answer to the first two questions is "no" and to the third, "yes." That score is perfect and a much better one than could be scored by, for instance, Communist Yugoslavia.

There is simply no organized opposition within Portugal to Dr. Salazar's government. Communist opposition is not permitted but noncommunist opposition is. Every once in a while, someone decides to oppose Dr. Salazar at an election but meets a stubborn unwillingness on the part of the people to turn from the Salazar regime.

If you ask Dr. Salazar why this is so, as I did, he will tell you that in his opinion the system of government he has introduced conforms to present-day needs in Portugal and to the thought and will of the Portuguese people. He believes that opposition has no chance to develop because it cannot polarize itself around an extreme right or an extreme left program as elsewhere in Europe. The reason for that, Dr. Salazar said, is that his own government is conservative where Portugal needs conservatism and radical where the country requires Socialism.

Most oppositions, Dr. Salazar continued, pursue separate interests. One will defend trade union rights; another the rights of capital; still a third for the requirements of the agricultural classes. But the people of Portugal recognize that his regime works for the interests of the entire country and not for those of a single class.

THE key to Salazar's successful championship of his people lies in the man's own character. By birth he comes from the peasant class and thus understands the perennial problems of the land. By education he is an economist and political scientist with broad knowledge of the problems facing industry and finance. By choice he is a scholar who says, and says it believably, that he'd much prefer his old university life of quiet research to the hustle and bustle of government. Thus the Portuguese Prime Minister knows the problems of his people and helps to solve them, not as a matter of overweening political ambition but as the result of a keen sense of duty.

When Salazar took over the reins of power in 1926, Portugal was a country of incredible poverty and fearful disorder. Today, Dr. Salazar says with quiet pride, every inhabitant of the land has work, food, law and order, and happiness. He himself was too modest to make the claim, but everyone else to whom I talked in Portugal, who has been there for a considerable length of time, whether native or foreigner, agrees that Dr. Salazar is solely responsible for this salutary state of affairs.

In fact, the problem that Dr. Salazar is working on today is one that would immensely please other European statesmen. Portugal's credit balances abroad are so large, as a result of the favorable balance of trade, that inflation is threatening the home economy because purchasing power is piling up in the people's bank accounts. It is better for Portugal for her foreign customers to pay their debts with goods and services and not with currency. During the last year alone, for example, Portugal's gold and foreign exchange increased by more than 20 per cent.

A great deal of this wealth comes from the sale of raw materials both from metropolitan Portugal and the overseas empire. Dr. Salazar is now working on plans—some of his blueprints are already in the construction stage and a few are finished and operating—to divert this surplus wealth into capital improvements, among them the creation of industries which can supply the rapidly growing demand of the home and overseas markets for consumer goods. He is also working to transform some of this wealth into low-rent housing projects, dams, and other useful public works such as a new network of automobile highways and modern bridges. The Prime Minister does not believe in mortgaging his country's future for such improvements. He wants a pay-as-you-go policy, and for this reason he frowns on borrowing from abroad, although the country's economic position is now so secure that it could easily obtain all the credit it needs from the international lending agencies or from private capital. Thus, Portugal voluntarily abandoned Marshall Plan aid some time ago.

The results already reached represent a considerable feat for a "backward" land. The new housing developments for the city working and middle-class families are architectural triumphs and a source of comfort to the occupants. Electric power has increased 50 per cent in the past two years as a result of the hydroelectric power stations already built. The blueprints call for another 50 per cent increase in the next two years.

In these days when the West's overseas possessions are straining at the bonds which unite them to the mother countries—Britain's colonial empire is toppling and the Dutch colonies are already all gone—it was natural to ask Dr. Salazar if he had any worries about the survival of the Portuguese empire, a considerable stretch in Africa, Asia (including India) and the Malay Archipelago, covering a total of about 900,000 square miles with a population of more than 11,000,000. In contrast, metropolitan Portugal, including the Azores and Madeira, has a population of 8,300,000, living on 34,500 square miles of territory. In an era when nationalism and the desire for independence

Most peasants still use animal-drawn carts for transportation

are running unchecked elsewhere in the colonial world, none of Portugal's overseas dominions has shown interest in breaking the tie with Lisbon. And Portugal does not maintain heavy garrisons abroad to crush incipient revolts.

Dr. Salazar expressed amazement at the question. The problem of tension and difficulties abroad had just never arisen in his mind. After some thought, he declared that he believed Portugal's complete freedom from overseas strife resulted from the comradely atmosphere between the native peoples and the Portuguese settlers and administrators.

Portugal is almost 100 per cent Catholic. And in Catholic countries the theory of white racial superiority has never flourished. Portugal's administrators, merchants, and workers go to the overseas possessions with no preconceived ideas of European pre-eminence. The result is that they work with the natives of the colonies as equals and partners.

Dr. Salazar cited the situation in India as an excellent illustration of the difference between the Portuguese outlook and that of other colonial powers. British India was so dissatisfied with its lot that it threw off the bonds that tied it to Europe. A part of French India has already followed suit and there are stirrings of unrest in the other areas. But Portuguese India regards the homeland with affection and has never voiced dissatisfaction with Lisbon's treatment, and, indeed, has asked for assurance from the Portuguese government that, under no circumstances, will it be ceded to the Republic of India. Dr. Salazar's voice was proud when he said that this attitude of Portuguese India must be spontaneous because Portugal does not maintain the military strength, either at home or abroad, to coerce her Indian territories against their will.

Unlike other colonial powers, Dr. Salazar explained, the Portuguese have never created exclusive white enclaves in their overseas empire. They have always been willing to adapt themselves, as a minority in far-off lands, to the local customs and way of life, and have shunned forcing their own language and customs on the native peoples. The administration of these overseas portions of Portugal is exactly similar to that at home. Portuguese and natives enjoy the same equal rights. Thus, Dr. Salazar concluded, the population of these distant places is as little likely to demand separation from Lisbon as the people of the city of Oporto on the European mainland.

At the time of the interview with Dr. Salazar, he had recently returned from the Spanish border city of Ciudad Rodrigo, where he had been discussing the necessary measures "adequate for common defensive action in the general sphere of Western defense" with Generalissimo Franco.

He returned from that meeting with the feeling that the West is missing an excellent opportunity to reinforce the dikes against Soviet Communism by not accepting Spain wholeheartedly into the Western defense community. As near neighbors of Spain, the Portuguese have no illusions about the Soviet inspiration behind the so-called Republican forces in the Spanish civil war. For more than three years Portugal watched fearfully as the Stalinists tried, in Spain, to penetrate into the heart of Western Europe.

World War II kept the Reds busy with their own survival, but as soon as Soviet Russia's hands were free again, Dr. Salazar said, Moscow developed and even amplified the same patterns of behavior which caused him so much worry for civilization's safety in 1936-39. Therefore, and in the interests of the Christian heritage which is common to the United States, Western Europe, and South America, he cannot understand the hesitation and doubts which keep Spain outside the door of Western comity.

DR. SALAZAR is a realist. He believes France, the traditional cornerstone of Western Europe, has been economically and ideologically weakened for the time being by the twin disasters of Communist infiltration and of the recent war. Great Britain too, Portugal's ally for many centuries, is staggering under blows caused by the war and its aftermath, the collapse of the British Empire abroad. Since these things are so, Dr. Salazar cannot understand why those responsible for Western survival do not shore up the sagging structure with Spanish and German braces.

It is impossible, Dr. Salazar said, for a weak West to come to terms—not even to ignoble ones—with a confident, powerful, and aggressive Soviet state. But he believes that a strong West, one including all the West's potential strength and not just part of it, is a positive guarantee of continued peace. And he firmly believes that continued peace offers the West the opportunity of disposing of the Communist menace gradually and without paying a civilization-destroying price in blood and treasure.

As for Portugal's own contribution, tiny though the country be and its people small in number, Portuguese armed strength is much more than a token force. Most people have forgotten that the Portuguese make excellent soldiers—tough, brave, and well-disciplined. In World War I, three sturdy Portuguese divisions, administratively linked to the British Army, fought in Flanders and Northern France for the entire four years and earned the admiration and respect of friend and foe alike.

PORTUGAL'S army consists of about 150,000 men, a sizable contribution for so small a country, but behind them there are an additional 400,000 well-trained reserves. Like Spain, Portugal has a three-year term of military service and her annual class of recruits comes out of the process as battle-ready troops. The Portuguese Navy is likewise small, but keen with the ancient maritime traditions of this seafaring nation where the science of navigation was first developed.

Portugal, her government, and her people, stand firmly with the West. This small land is a worthy and respect-compelling ally. For those who still think of Portugal as backward and quaint, a visit to energetic, bustling Lisbon is recommended. And for those who imagine that the country is lying prone under a wicked dictator's heel, a few quiet talks with Portuguese of all classes and stations in life would be highly revealing.

ACLU—
Force or Failure?

An impartial analysis of the activities of the American Civil Liberties Union seems to indicate that the Union has opposed almost every important anticommunist measure

***by* VINCENT HARTNETT**

IT is a truism worth frequent repetition that a critical issue of our times is the tension between national security and the heritage of individual liberty won for us through generations of struggle. This is not a new issue. But our times have witnessed an unprecedented intensification of the tension, as our "rule of liberty and of law" has been menaced by a new element—"conspiratorial organizations . . . in essence mere forward columns of a foreign enemy" (Nathaniel Weyl, *The Battle Against Disloyalty*). Paramount among those conspiratorial organizations has been the Communist one. Norman Thomas aptly characterized the Communist unbalancing of the hard-won security: individual liberty formula, when he wrote in the *New York Times:* "The new element which the Communists have injected into the picture is their assertion of a right to the protection of laws which in power they would abolish, a right to do in the American community that which they would punish by slavery or death if they should come to power."

For thirty-two years, the chief unofficial watchdog of individual liberties in this country has been the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU). In theory, and not seldom in practice, the ACLU has fulfilled an important function, that of a kind of governor moderating extreme reaction, both popular and official, to real or exaggerated threats to the national security. The ACLU advertises itself as "the only national nonpartisan organization defending the Bill of Rights for all—without distinction or compromise."

Founded in 1920 as an outgrowth of the old Civil Liberties Bureau, the ACLU today has over 17,500 members (plus about 4,000 in Northern and Southern California not yet financially integrated with the national organization). The influence of the ACLU is far greater than its numerical membership or its 1952 budget of $200,000 would indicate. Many of its directors and members are prominent lawyers, educators, clergymen, publicists, and civic leaders. Over the years, the ACLU has acquired virtually a semiofficial status. It is customarily consulted on important questions involving civil rights, and has ready access to the most important liberal publications.

Considering the unique influence of the ACLU and the trust reposed in it by a wide section of American liberals, what has been the record of the ACLU in the struggle to preserve American freedom, particularly from the dangers engendered by the Communist conspiracy? Has the ACLU been generally a force for good? Or has it been a failure?

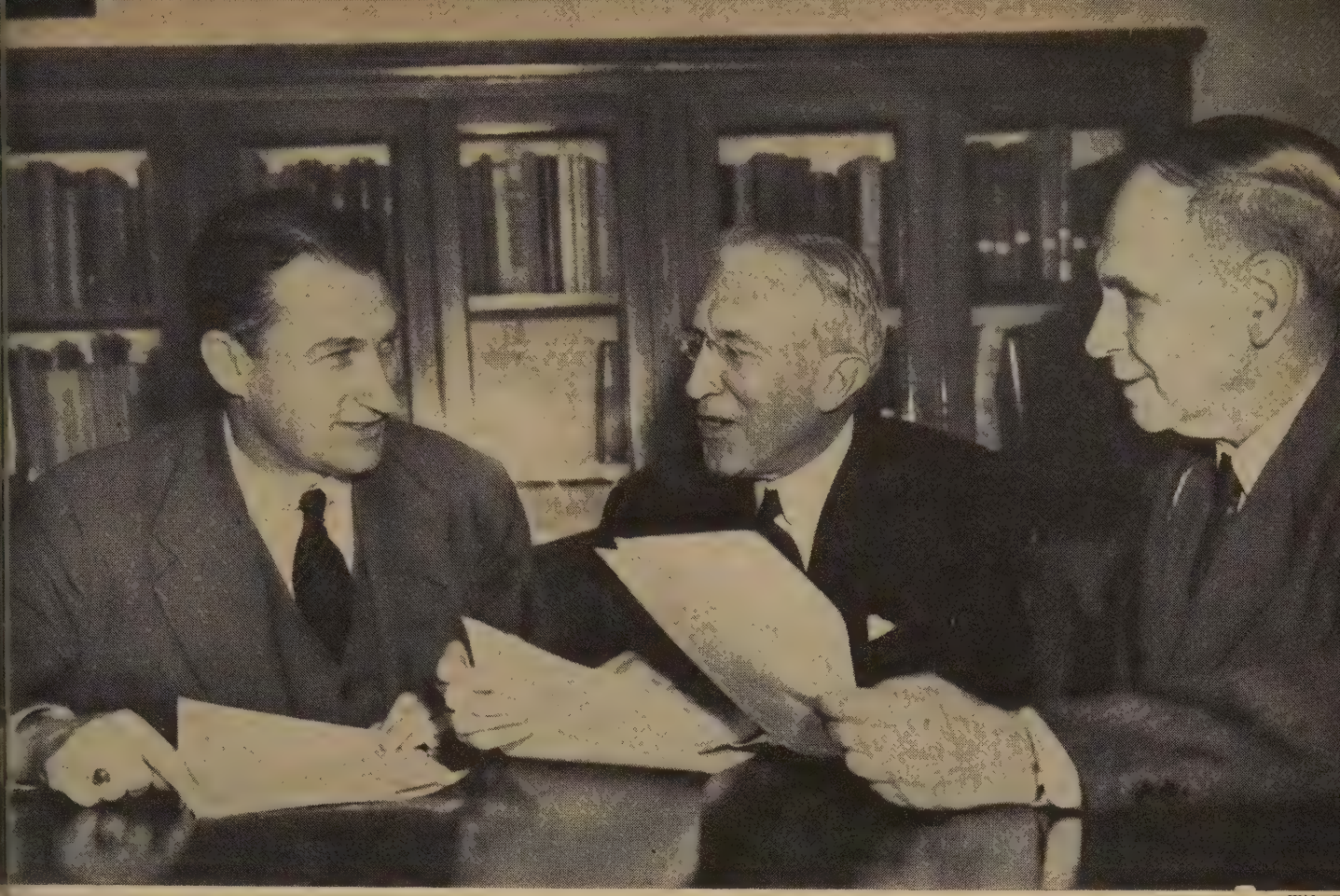
It is necessary to recall that from about 1920 America began to adopt protective measures against the Soviet-directed fifth column. Some of these measures, such as the infamous Palmer Raids, were bad, and were valiantly resisted by genuine liberals. Others were good and necessary. Chief among them was the Smith Act of 1940, which, among other things, made it a federal offense to *conspire* to teach or advocate the overthrow of our government by force and violence. The Smith Act was shelved during the wartime alliance between America and the Soviet Union to defeat the Nazi threat to world civilization.

Following the defeat of Nazism, the Soviet Union actively returned to its "historic mission" to secure Soviet global dictatorship. Of necessity, the United States early in 1947 began actively to counter Soviet aggression abroad and Communist conspiracy at home. Among measures to curb or control the domestic Communist conspiracy were a Federal Loyalty Program, Congressional investigations, anticommunist legislation, increased activity by the FBI, state and civic investigations and anticommunist measures, and private efforts to expose and oppose Communists and their allies.

Federal legislation culminated in the Internal Security (McCarran) Act of 1950, which (while scrupulously protecting Constitutional guarantees of freedom of opinion and speech) drew a blueprint to curb Communist action groups, to expose deceptive Communist "fronts," and to prevent the infiltration of foreign agents who had been entering our country literally by the thousands.

What of the ACLU during this critical five-year period? Did it aid public and private efforts to expose and oppose the Communist conspiracy, while protecting legitimate Constitutional guarantees of individual liberty? A dispassionate analysis of the ACLU's activities, as set forth in the public print and in the ACLU's own publications, tends to indicate rather that the ACLU has *opposed* virtually every important anticommunist measure, both public and private.

On June 4, 1951, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the Smith Act, under which 11 first-echelon Communist Party (CP) leaders had been convicted. Shortly thereafter, more than 50 second- and third-echelon CP leaders were arrested and indicted under the Smith Act. In a



Wide W

Seated (left to right) are Patrick Malin, Dr. John Holmes, and Roger Baldwin, ACLU leaders

special leaflet, sent to all members and widely quoted in the press, the ACLU announced its "fundamental disagreement" with the Smith Act and the Supreme Court's ruling, said it would support legislation seeking to repeal vital sections of the Smith Act, stated it would assist defendants at all court levels on trial under the Smith Act, and announced that it stood "ready to help obtain an overruling of the June 4 decision, by participating independently in further cases arising under the Smith Act, when they reach the Supreme Court." As has been its usual practice when giving *de facto* support to Communists, the ACLU "reiterated its abhorrence of Communist tyranny."

The ACLU has attacked the Internal Security Act of 1950 as "the worst departure since the Alien and Sedition Act of 1798 from the central principle of American law that a man is accountable only for his *own* illegal *acts,* not for mere *association* with persons who hold obnoxious *opinions;* and establishes a peculiarly frightening precedent for the discriminatory penalization of any group which may be unpopular, for considerations far less dangerous than those represented by Communist and Communist-front organizations today."

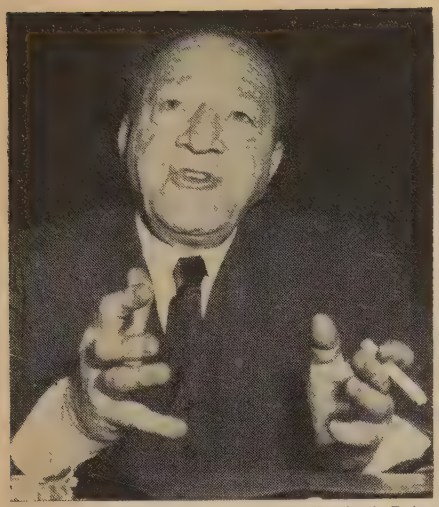
Perhaps only by coincidence, this diatribe reflects the Communist defensive line as laid down in a CP statement of March, 1947, and as amplified during a Communist-sponsored "Conference on Thought Control" in July, 1947. All that aside, the diatribe is dishonest. There is *no* "central principle of American law" as enunciated by the ACLU. That is an ACLU fiction, more than once foisted by that organization on the trusting public. The fact is that a central principle of American law holds that any party to a criminal conspiracy is guilty of *all* criminal acts committed by *all* members of the conspiracy.

ACLU has strenuously opposed the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC), and in particular the committee's questioning of witnesses as to possible Communist connections, basing its opposition on an equation of the Communist conspiracy with a genuine political party and mere political opinion or belief. The ACLU sought to file a "friend of the court" brief in the case of the Hollywood Ten, in an effort to obtain a legal test of this issue of the right to question, and at the same time argued that the HUAC *in toto* was unconstitutionally created. The Union was not sustained by the Supreme Court. In one case before HUAC, that of atomic scientist Irving David Fox, the ACLU actually supplied counsel.

The ACLU sought to hamstring the Senate Security (McCarran) Committee, particularly in its vital and eventually completely successful investigation of the Institute of Pacific Relations. The ACLU defended Owen Lattimore as a "leading American citizen." Subsequently, he was revealed as an identified Communist by the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security and as "beginning in the middle 1930's, a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy."

In addition to opposing the Smith Act, the Internal Security Act, the HUAC, and the Senate Security Committee, the ACLU on July 8, 1951, urged President Truman to scrap the present Federal Loyalty Program and substitute one more to the Union's liking.

The ACLU has also urged termination of the Attorney General's present list of some 150 subversive organizations, and opposes any future public listing of Communist organizations and



Harris & Ewing

Arthur Garfield Hays, General Counsel for the ACLU

fronts. With a jovial disregard of the deceitful character of Communist fronts, the ACLU seeks to foist on the public another of its inventions—"the good old American habit of speaking one's mind, joining the organizations one believes in. . . ."

The ACLU has also methodically opposed *local* loyalty programs. The Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts on December 13, 1951 condemned both the Smith Act and the Massachusetts Antianarchy Act of 1919, under which Prof. Dirk J. Struik (an identified Communist) and others were indicted. Falsifying, the ACLU charged that the two laws "punish mere speech."

The ACLU fought, all the way to the U. S. Supreme Court, the 1949 New York State Feinberg Law, intended to bar subversive teachers from the public schools. The Supreme Court rejected the Union's contention that "classroom conduct and not political belief or association, is the proper standard for teacher fitness," which contention is also the Communist Party line. In the majority opinion, delivered by Justice Minton, the Supreme Court cut the very ground out from under much of the ACLU's position on "civil liberties," when it held that "in the employment of officials and teachers of the school systems, the state may very properly inquire into the company they keep, and we know no rule, constitutional or otherwise, that prevents the state, when determining the fitness and loyalty of such persons, from considering the organizations and persons with whom they associate."

The Greater Philadelphia Branch of the Civil Liberties Union fought the anticommunist Pechan Bill in the state legislature. Space limitations forbid detailed analysis of how state or local loyalty oaths have been fought by branches of the ACLU in such areas as New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio, Detroit, Michigan, and Northern and Southern California.

One of the sorriest chapters in the history of the American Civil Liberties Union relates to its "investigation" of the "Peekskill Riot" of 1949.

A FAIR investigation of the "Peekskill Riot" was conducted by Westchester County District Attorney George Fanelli and a county grand jury. The jury found that the concert of September 4 "was planned by the Communist Party to take full advantage of the events of August 27 and as a demonstration of the power of its supporters to hold a meeting in a hostile area."

An "investigation" of the "Violence in Peekskill" was instituted by the ACLU. The comment of the Westchester County grand jury on this is worth quoting.

"Testimony by the investigators of the American Civil Liberties Union revealed that the (ACLU) inquiry was based from the start on a biased assumption as to the underlying cause of the disorders. An examination of the report itself indicated that gossip, rumors, and unverified stories of prejudiced persons were accepted as evidence in support of this premise, while competent testimony which did not support it was rejected. A careful checking of certain statements quoted in the report and the descriptions of certain incidents therein prove them to be inaccurate as to the facts and grossly misleading in the implications conveyed."

Let it be said that although the ACLU has opposed the noncommunist affidavit provision of the Taft-Hartley Act, the Union on May 27, 1951 surprised many by declaring that it would not oppose the barring of Communists or other totalitarians from holding office in labor unions, though it reaffirmed its opposition to excluding Communists from union membership, unless on the basis of their participation in "overt or conspiratorial" acts to destroy the union.

It should also be said in fairness that on May 30, 1951 the ACLU announced it would no longer oppose "the refusal of permanent immigrant status to present members of the Communist, Fascist, Falangist, or other totalitarian parties."

That a large number of ACLU members throughout the country are fighting in the best civil libertarian tradition for the rights of the underdog is beyond doubt. Many of them are commendably striving to defend the rights of minorities (particularly Negroes and Indians) against discrimination in legal processes, in housing, in employment, in education, and in voting. The avowed 28-point program of the ACLU extends all the way from "support of the major recommendations of the President's Committee on Civil Rights" to "aid in extending civil liberties in all countries occupied by U. S. forces." But one could wish that far more of the ACLU's genuine liberals would take a hand in shaping ACLU policy in the current *national security* crisis.

A BRIEF analysis of individuals currently helping shape the counsels of the ACLU may be revealing.

From its organization in 1920 until his retirement on January 1, 1950, the Executive Director of the ACLU was Roger N. Baldwin, now Chairman of the National Committee of the ACLU, its International Work Director, and Board Chairman of its affiliate, the International League for the Rights of Man and for the New Democracy.

Though Baldwin in December, 1949, received the approval of Gen. Douglas MacArthur and of the State Department for trips overseas, at Government expense, "to aid in developing civil liberties organizations" in U. S.-occupied countries, government reports show him linked with 35 or more Communist fronts and causes, including consistent and conspicuous defense of Communists. An alleged pacifist, Baldwin some years ago stated his civil liberties position in the Communist-front magazine, *Soviet Russia Today*:

"I, too, take a class position. It is anticapitalist and pro-revolutionary. I believe in nonviolent methods of struggle as most effective in the long run for building up successful working class power. Where they cannot be followed . . . only violent tactics remain. I champion civil liberty as the best of the nonviolent means of building the power on which workers' rule must be based. If I aid the reactionaries to get free speech now and then; if I go outside the class struggle to fight against censorship, it is only because those liberties help create a more hospitable atmosphere for working class liberties. The class struggle is the central conflict of the world; all others are incidental.

"When the power of the working class is once achieved as it has been only in the Soviet Union, I am for maintaining it by any means whatsoever. Dictatorship is the obvious means in a world of enemies, at home and abroad" (quoted from *Congressional Record*, Appendix, Feb. 12, 1951, p. A739).

Many pre-1939 "sympathizers with the Soviet experiment" have long since forsaken their treason or awakened from

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their dream. Let us hope Roger Baldwin has awakened from his, as recent statements by him indicate.

Baldwin's successor as ACLU Executive Director is Patrick Murphy Malin, formerly Professor of Economics at Swarthmore College and Vice-Director of the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees (1943-1947).

Dr. John Haynes Holmes, linked in government reports with 12 or more Communist fronts and causes, was Chairman of the Board of Directors of the ACLU from 1940 until his retirement on June 30, 1950 for reasons of health. He continues to serve on the Board. His successor as Board Chairman is Ernest Angell.

Out of 33 current members of the ACLU Board of Directors, at least 20 are listed in government reports as linked with Communist fronts and causes. Of those 20, at least 14 have records which might be termed notorious.

Corliss Lamont, for example, has been identified by one or more witnesses under oath as a member of the Communist Party. This he denied.

An ACLU rule adopted in 1940 bars Communists and other totalitarians from office or employment, though not from mere membership, in the Union. Prior to 1940, a number of known Communists held "office" in the ACLU.

Benjamin H. Kizer, Washington State Correspondent of the Union, has also been identified by one or more duly sworn witnesses as a Communist Party member.

MORRIS L. Ernst and Arthur Garfield Hays are General Counsel for the ACLU, and members of the Board. Prior to the Moscow Purge Trials and the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939, Ernst was intimately linked with a number of Communist fronts. He has *not* been so linked since 1939, and in fact has acted as personal attorney for J. Edgar Hoover. Appearing voluntarily before the HUAC on February 11, 1948, Ernst *advocated* measures to control Communist deceit.

Hays has been linked in government reports and public records with 20 or more Communist fronts and causes. He has, in the name of civil liberties, anti-Fascism, etc., supported such Communist leaders as Georgi Dimitrov (formerly head of the Communist International), Earl Browder (formerly head of the CP USA), the 11 members of the National Committee of the CP USA, Simon Gerson (a New York State CP leader), Paul Robeson, and Angelo Herndon.

Ben W. Huebsch, Treasurer of the ACLU, has been listed in government reports as linked with 8 or more Communist fronts and causes.

Parenthetically, a minor source of income for the ACLU has been the Robert Marshall Civil Liberties Trust Fund. The Robert Marshall Foundation was officially cited in 1944 as "one of the principal sources for the money with which to finance the Communist Party's fronts in recent years."

Osmond K. Fraenkel and Walter Gellhorn, lawyers and Board members of the ACLU, have not only defended noted Communists, but have been cited in government reports as linked with the International Juridical Association. Government reports show Fraenkel linked with 18 or more Communist fronts and causes.

GELLHORN, in addition to supporting Communist fronts and causes and defending noted Communists, is listed as having lectured at the Communist Workers School in New York. Brilliant, persuasive, and personable, Gellhorn is probably the dominant personality in the counsels of the ACLU today.

Elmer Rice, playwright, is a member of the ACLU Board and Chairman of the Union's National Council on Freedom from Censorship. Rice was linked in government reports and public record with at least 24 Communist fronts and causes from 1933 to September, 1948, when he was on a Committee of Welcome for the Red Dean of Canterbury. Rice alleges to have been a long foe of Communism. Challenged on March 29, 1951 about his presence on the Committee of Welcome, Rice told the intrepid liberal leader Max Eastman that he didn't know what the Red Dean's "political opinions" were. At this, the audience tittered.

On the basis of this survey, necessarily sketchy, it is not difficult to understand why the California Committee on Un-American Activities in the 1943 Report declared: "The American Civil Liberties Union may be definitely classed as a Communist front or 'transmission belt' organization. At least 90 per cent of its efforts are expended on behalf of Communists who come into conflict with the law. While it professes to stand for free speech, a free press, and free assembly, it is quite obvious that its main function is to protect Communists in their activities of force and violence in their program to overthrow the government."

It should be noted that although Earl Browder testified before a Congressional committee in 1939 that the ACLU was a "transmission belt" of the Communist Party, the ACLU has *not* been cited by the Attorney General or by the HUAC as a Communist front. One reason may be that the government is desirous of protecting the large number of genuine liberals in the Union, and is hopeful that they may save the ACLU from penetration by those intent on its subversion.

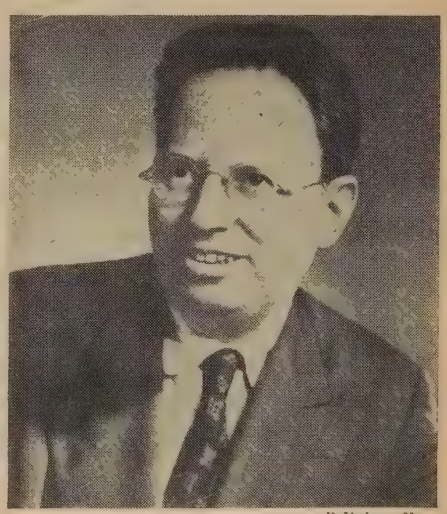
Herbert Philbrick, former undercover "Communist" leader for the FBI, has revealed in his book, *I Led Three Lives,* that in 1949 secret members of the Communist Party (and particularly "respectable" professional people) were ordered to join the ACLU, in order to strengthen the Party's ties with the Union. This may be *one* reason for the unprecedented growth in the ACLU's membership in the past few years.

It may also help to explain why, although genuine libertarians might conscientiously oppose this or that anti-communist measure, the ACLU has tended to oppose virtually *all* important anticommunist measures.

The ACLU officially advocates leaving national security to the FBI and other federal law enforcement agencies. Yet, the ACLU attacks those federal agencies —at times even arrogantly—when they proceed not according to the ACLU's liking.

Perhaps because of *some* Communist leadership, perhaps because some of the ACLU's Old Guard have not adjusted to the problems of the U. S. 1952, perhaps because most of the rank-and-file members have not sufficiently exerted their influence, the American Civil Liberties Union's record in today's struggle to preserve American freedom is far from a bright one. Force for good?

Or failure?



Religious News

Board member Elmer Rice was linked with Communist fronts

• **Norbert O'Leary** is Master Control Supervisor of the American Broadcasting Company. He is a graduate of the Newark College of Engineering. Besides his important duties at ABC, he finds time for real Catholic Action. He collects Catholic literature for remailing to mission groups. At the Christmas season, he posts a notice in the control room asking all actors, directors, and writers to bring in their cards, which he packages and mails off to missions in this country, Africa, and India. The mail room of the network delivers hundreds of stamps from incoming letters to "Bert," and his one-man remailing service is responsible for getting *Signs, Tablets,* and other Catholic literature into needed mission outposts. Many of the most famous names in radio and television have made their contributions through contact with Mr. O'Leary, one of the most popular behind-the-scenes men in the industry.

People

• **Mrs. Frank J. Higgins** of Chicago, known also as Dr. Lois Higgins, has been a policewoman since 1937. She is Director of Crime Prevention and Control. As a mother of two children, she is only too aware of the problems confronting parents today.

Possessor of several degrees, including an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, she is a criminologist, sociologist, and author of numerous articles on women police, narcotics, and social problems. An indefatigable lecturer, she has appeared on innumerable radio and television programs and has lectured in all parts of the country. Because of her knowledge of the narcotic menace, she was called to speak at the Senate Crime Committee's investigation.

Dr. Higgins is on the staff of the Loyola University Institute of Social and Industrial Relations, where she lectures on criminology and related subjects.

Pegasus has rivals

With the rapid advances in air travel, even animals have taken to flying. Animal trade is so big that a special plane has been designed for it

by RICHARD MALKIN

PEGASUS, the winged horse of Greek mythology, maintained his unusual distinction for many a century. Even with the coming of the airplane at the dawn of the twentieth century, Pegasus' eminence among the four-footed, ground-bound animals was not threatened. But when the exigencies of the Second World War gave birth to the airfreighter, the steed of the ancient skies suddenly found himself with plenty of company from the Animal Kingdom. Not only had many other horses acquired wings, but nearly every type of animal, bird, reptile, and denizen of the deep was taking to the air lanes.

Most of this kind of air traffic has escaped the notice of the general public. It is just faintly aware that "occasionally" an airplane brings in a horse or two, or maybe a few crated dogs and baby chicks. Only a day before this writing, an ordinary-looking plane, landing at Denver, unloaded a lot of 160 chinchillas flown all the way from Antofagasta, Chile.

Dealers in animals have been quick to learn that air freight is of inestimable value, not only because of its matchless speed of delivery, but for the more important reason that flight has no effect on their live shipments. It is untrue that airsickness affects animals.

Most zoos these days are getting their replenishments and additions via cargoplane. One of the most active suppliers of zoos is a New Yorker, Henry Trefflich, whose animal cargoes have provided some fine story material. A particularly interesting operation was one engaged in some time ago by Seaboard and Western Airlines.

When the Standard Vacuum Oil Company tanker, "Stanvac Calcutta," was severely damaged in a rainstorm near Palembang, Sumatra, it cabled New York to ship a sixteen-foot rudder stock, a new motor, and a number of replacement units by the "fastest possible means." In view of the fact that a motor was available in Brussels, New York wired the Belgian city to prepare it for air shipment. Meanwhile, idleness of the tanker was costing the oil company some $4,500 a day.

Weighing 9,200 pounds, the long rudder stock was easily stowed in the cargo hold of Seaboard's DC-4 "Airtrader." Also placed aboard were several crates of replacement units and more than 3,000 pounds of boiler tubes for another tanker—this one in the service of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, at Abadan.

The well-laden plane took off from New York International Airport, made momentary stops at Gander and Shannon, and roared into Brussels' airport where it picked up the 3,600-pound motor. Then on to Rome, where the crew feasted on a dinner of spaghetti as the skyfreighter was being refueled; Athens in the morning for breakfast; Damascus; and Abadan, where the boiler tubes were unloaded. On again to Karachi, New Delhi, Bangkok, and finally Singapore.

The eight-man crew of the "Airtrader" had been briefed in advance on the full cargo of animals that was to be airlifted halfway around the globe on the return flight, but they weren't entirely prepared for the spectacle awaiting them—for they were soon confronted by a hundred chattering monkeys and a twenty-three-foot, sinister-looking python.

But this did not complete the cargo of animals. Trefflich had ordered a wee bit more than just monkeys and an oversized reptile, and to pick up the balance the "Airtrader" hopped from Singapore to Bangkok. There sixteen additional Java monkeys were taken aboard, closely followed by four gibbons, two leopards and their two cubs, and a pair of golden cats.

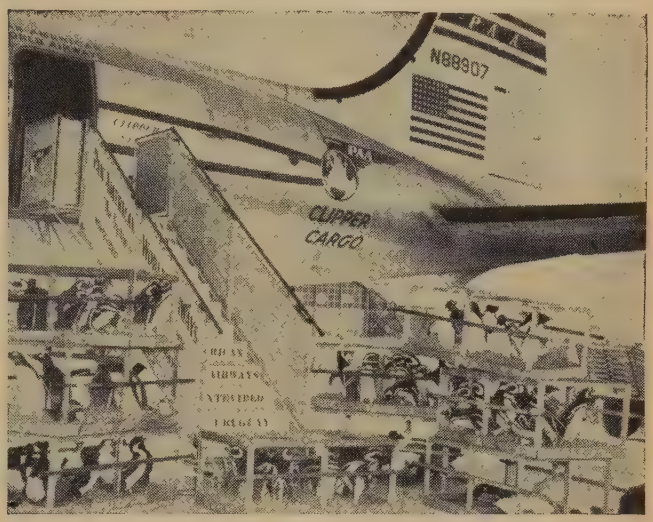
Nor did these animals write *finis* to the whole loading operation. Suddenly turning up at the airport, with a Siamese mahout perched on each, were six elephants! They lumbered across the field, followed each other up a specially built wooden ramp, coaxed by sugar cane, and took their places in the vast cargo hold of the plane. Elephants are no strangers to Far Easterners, but airborne pachyderms are something else again. Natives flocked to the airport in droves to see the impossible occur.

Despite their huge bulk—the six elephants averaged nearly three-quarters of a ton each—they are quite delicate creatures. Give them too much heat

Opposite page: Stewardess Phyllis Hollowell feeds the first deer ever flown by Pan American Airways

Left: Explorer James Nonesmith with two aardvarks and monkey flown from Africa to U.S. on cargo ship

This large cargo of penguins was flown from Montevideo, Uruguay, to Miami, Florida



and they will cave in; give them too much cold and they will contract pneumonia.

Several years ago, this writer interviewed an official of the world-famous Ringling Brothers Circus. Were they making use of the airfreighters? The official gave utterance to some polite derision, stating in no uncertain terms that the airplane could not be compared with the railroad boxcar or ocean freighter.

But it was a small circus, owned by two Brazilian brothers, that, achieved without bombast of press agentry the first "big-top airlift." A fleet of twin-engined cargoplanes (in vivid contrast to the four-engined airfreighters widely used in operations of this magnitude) hauled the unorthodox shipment from Guatemala City to Havana: ninety thousand pounds of animals, performers, musicians, handymen, and equipment. And when the aircraft landed in Cuba's capital city, goggle-eyed spectators let loose a concerted roar as there emerged from the cargo holds a total of fourteen fierce-looking lions (one of which was billed as having eaten ten men before captivity), fifteen barking dogs, eight doleful burros, eight jabbering simians, four prancing Arab steeds, three waddling bears, a wild boar, and a couple of squawking parrots.

One of the most frequent air travelers is the horse. Many of the finest thoroughbreds in the world go by air, regularly flying such long routes as London-New York, Paris-Johannesburg, and Miami-Buenos Aires. Only recently, a British charter airline contracted to fly some three thousand Irish horses to the Continent. This particular type of animal traffic has become so abundant that one of the British airplane manufacturers has designed what it calls the "Aerial Horsecar," a cargoplane specifically built for the transportation of horses—padded stalls, troughs, built-in ramp, and all.

Pan American World Airways, giant among the world's airlines, is no slouch at hauling animals over tremendous distances. When the London Zoo was in need of restocking after the war, one of Pan Am's transports, the "Gladiator," flew in thirteen crates containing five gila monsters, thirteen horned toads, two boa constrictors, scores of American snakes of a wide variety, ten prairie dogs, two skunks, frogs, turtles, chamelons, sparrows, bluejays, and robins.

The same airline still holds the distinction of having made the longest haul of cattle on record. It was in the fall of 1947 that a herd of pure-bred Holstein-Friesians, arranged in separate stalls running the entire length of the DC-4's cargo hold, was airlifted from Toronto to Buenos Aires—a distance of 6,800 miles.

The business of flying the Animal Kingdom has its lighter moments, too. Last May, the Pan Am clipper, "Romance of the Seas," flew from Manila to San Francisco with fifty-seven human passengers and ninety-eight Macaque monkeys. The passengers were entirely unaware of the cargo of long-tailed simians destined for a New York medical laboratory. About six hundred miles out of the Philippine capital, twenty of the monkeys broke loose. Two of the six-pound animals found their way into the cockpit and spent their time with the pilot, co-pilot, and a jittery stewardess all the way to California. The other eighteen escapees amused themselves by scampering all over the cargo compartment and hurling insults at the still-caged eighty monkeys. Not a single passenger learned what had occurred in flight. An hour after the landing, cargo handlers donned gloves and recaptured the score of monkeys to the tune of not a few nipped fingers.

Let's face it: Pegasus has rivals in every part of the Animal Kingdom. From the aardvark to the zebra, everyone has wings these days—that is, everyone but the giraffe, whose towering neck is still a little too much for our airplane designers.

RICHARD MALKIN is rated as one of the country's foremost writers on air cargo subjects. His background includes newspaper reporting, columnist, and managing editor of *Air Transportation Magazine*.

GIRL SCOUTS ADOPT GRANDMAS AND GRANDPAS

Adopted "grandma" holds bouquet given to her on Mother's Day by Girl Scout troop that adopted her

A SIGN PICTURE STORY

From an idea by the recreation director of New York's Welfare Island Home, Girl Scouts began a project that has expanded into what is now known as the "adoption" program

JNTIL the Girl Scouts stepped in and instituted a most unusual adoption plan, 90 per nt of the 1600 inhabitants of the City Home on ew York's Welfare Island were completely alone this world.

The unique plan was the adoption of new randmas and grandpas by troops of Girl Scouts show the old people that someone cared about em. The whole plan started as one of the any service projects of the Girl Scouts. The ea came from the City Home recreation dictor. He proposed it to the Scouts and they ublished it in their bulletin for leaders. At first e Scouts sent cards to the old people at Christas and Easter. Then cards for birthdays were cluded and then the Scouts made visits to the ome and the present plan was underway.

Now many Girl Scout troops have adopted randmas" and "grandpas" at the Home whom ey visit at appointed times, bringing gifts apropriate to the age and interests of the old ople. If there is a birthday, a cake is in order. other's Day is an occasion for a boatload of esents to travel from the mainland to the and. And then, of course, there are the regular sits.

When the Girl Scouts arrive it's a day of ppiness that many at the Home haven't exerienced in years. This little program has taken me of the loneliness out of the lives of the d folks and given them something to which ey can look forward.

This man finds the scout appreciative of his work

Conversation and cookies lift spirits of these people

Scout offering Girl Scout cookies

A man at the Home shows dance step popular in his day

YANKEE BARGAIN

Ellen's shrewd deal with old Mr. Henley was a source of admiration to her Yankee neighbors. There was only one possibility they all forgot to reckon on

by ***MAXINE WOOD***

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK KALAN

THE day of the funeral there was a soft purple haze laid over the gold and scarlet of the hills. It was a day like we get sometimes in October, and it matched the way we felt. Folks in 'Lympus Four Corners aren't ones to wear their heart on their sleeve, but that day we didn't hide our grieving. There was a kind of sweet in our sadness, and a show of gayness too—like I'd put in the bouquet of silver birch and scarlet maple leaves, tied with a purple satin bow, I'd hung on the knocker of the red brick house.

Walking up to the house that morning, with the steaming bean pot burning my fingers right through my woolen mitts, I waited wifelike for Eben to admire the bouquet. I couldn't make out what he was thinking, he stood so long looking at the leaves splashed bright against the dark door. "Maybe we should of sent to Tunbridge for a store wreath," I said. Eben smiled then and shook his head, "No Cindy, you done just right. It's Ellen's house now, for sure."

It was Janey Race opened the door for us. "Ellen's upstairs in the front bedroom," she said, and we went inside.

I saw right off they'd taken down the potbellied chunk stove in the parlor and set up the Franklin that had set in the woodshed Lord knows how long. Biding its time, Ellen always said, and now its time was come.

It was Eben minded the day Ellen first came to "Lympus Four Corners," piling out of a station wagon with a crowd of summer folks from Tunbridge. They bought some cigarettes at Race's store and asked Jim Race did he have any antiques to sell. "The tall skinny one done the asking," Eben said, "but it was Ellen I took note of at the time. She was the only one in skirts and a blessing too, her being so roly-poly. Jim was thinking out his answer slow, so I spoke out and told them we long ago chopped up all our antiques for kindling. Ellen catches on right away that I'm laying a trap, and wants to know why was that. 'Because it's a scientific fact antiques draw summer folks like syrup draws flies,' I say. Then Ellen throws back her head and laughs out loud. I see her eyes is blue as summer sky and she says, 'Now you're a man I'd like for a neighbor.' "

Janey was baking bread in Ellen's kitchen, but she risked the draft on her loaves and kept the kitchen door open not to miss anything. "It wasn't you, Eben," she called out, "it was this house Ellen wanted."

You would of wondered why, if you'd seen the red brick house ten years ago when Ellen first laid eyes on it. It was old man Henley's house then, and he'd lived in it since the day he was born eighty years before, and his father and his grandfathers in their time.

Half the window panes were out, the south side of the roof caved in, and the fanlight over the front door that Ellen set such store by was all boarded over. The lean-to back of the kitchen was just a heap of kindlin' boards and busted buggy wheels and trash. I always wondered how Ellen knew that when it was cleared away you'd see out the kitchen window to the hill where the cemetery lot is, and beyond that, on a clear day, the top of Camel's Hump.

"Now git you gone," he told Ellen, his face all red and his fist a-shaking

First weeks that summer, she used to walk over from Tunbridge every other day or so. She'd come along sweating and puffing, for it's a good five miles and mostly up. "Better to travel on shanks' mare than ride with summer folks," she'd say when she caught her breath enough to laugh, and she'd add, "the rootless tribe." We thought that was queerer than usual, being she was summer folks herself.

Then one day I stopped at the store for a half pound of salt pork. Janey Race waited on me and said, quick and kind of guilty, "We got a boarder coming tomorrow. She's took the back bedroom." I knew without her telling it was Ellen, and it was a shock.

Anyhow, next day Ellen come along, and all that summer she kept it fresh in our minds she was boarding with the Races temporary and for a purpose.

"The red brick house is the one I've set my heart on," she told me. "Folks say the red brick house will be the first to come up for sale in these parts. Old man Henley has neither kith nor kin, no more than I have," she said. "But *his* days are numbered, and I'm going to be heir to his house."

It's true the only time a property ever changes hand around here is when a line runs clean out, and the Henley line was near its end. Old man Henley was so poor he hardly had life enough in him to come out in the sun and warm his old bones. But well I knew if he had anything to make a will about Ellen's name wasn't in it, for he couldn't abide the sight of her.

She was always scheming to get a word with him, and one day she caught him unawares in the front yard and made him a cash offer. The old man was so mad he like to had a stroke.

"I'll see you dead and damned first," he said. "Henleys die where they was born," he said, "and they die with their taxes paid and owing no man thanks or money. We been called shiftless," he said, "but never yet was a hole so tight a Henley couldn't find ways to shift himself out of it. Now git you gone," he told Ellen, his face all red and his fist a-shaking. "I'll not be plagued to death by a furriner. If I die before I've a mind to it'll likely be murder, and the town will know it and hold you to account."

It was Ellen herself told me about it afterward, and other things too, for we was soon friends. "I want that house real bad, Cindy," she told me, "for I've never lived in a house I could call my own. I scarce recollect my mother. My father was a rootless man and where he went I went, living among strangers. It was a rootless man I married after my father died, and that's a story best forgotten."

That first winter she stayed at the Races' it come off real cold early in November. Twice old man Henley got took with pneumonia, and both times we thought he was due to die.

But the first hot June day he was up and about, spry as a young heifer, and for the first time he told Ellen good morning—and then laughed in her face.

By that time we was all kinda used to Ellen Carpenter. We was right proud of old man Henley, and we give Ellen credit for making us take note of his spunk. Her own stubbornness was a match for his, and it made her seem almost like one of us.

Janey's bread finished baking while we remembered, and she come in and set with us before the Franklin stove. It was near time for the funeral, but nobody spoke of that. "Do you mind the day she bought the house?" Janey asked.

"I mind it well," I said. It wasn't but a week or so after they had that spat, and I know it was what old man Henley said about dying with his taxes paid that got Ellen to thinking how she could get him and her both out of the hole they was in.

I was in the post office at sundown when I see Ellen and Lawyer March drive up in his car and pound the knocker on the red brick house as bold as you please. Old man Henley opens up right away, and in they walk.

Folks coming to the post office for their mail soon got wind of what was up, and let the chores wait while they watched the closed shutters of the red brick house. Some said old man Henley would die of rage.

Well, chores can wait only so long, and when dark comes there was nobody left but Janey and me—and of course

Then he put the roses in the coffin

MAXINE WOOD, author and playwright, has published short stories in *Seventeen*, the *American* Magazine, and other publications.

Aunt Lucy who vowed she wouldn't close the post office till someone come out—dead or alive. We'd sent word to Jim and Eben to do for themselves, and the three of us had our noses to the windowpane and had run out of talk when the door of the red brick house opened at last.

The lamplight fell on the three of them in the doorway, shaking hands and laughing like all get-out. We like to of died of the shock. Then Ellen sees that the post office was still open way past closing time, and she knew right off it was us eaten up by curiosity. She gives old man Henley's hand a last good squeeze, and comes bouncing across the yard already telling before she's in earshot.

Well, she'd bought the red brick house and paid three thousand dollars for it. Eben teased her afterwards for cheating us out of the fun of guessing the price. Old man Henley was to keep right on living there, but she was to go in and out as she pleased and fix it up to suit her taste.

"He's got the cash, and he can live till he dies in the house he was born in," Ellen told us, "and I've got what I wanted—a house I can call my own that stands among deep-rooted folks."

Both Ellen and old man Henley called it then and after, that they had driven a real Yankee bargain—and both was sure they had got the best of the other.

A few days after the bargain was made, old man Henley come over to the post office in the morning and took the stage to Tunbridge. We couldn't any of us remember when he ever done that before—last time must of been when we was too young to notice.

That night he come back on the stage, and you wouldn't have known him. He'd had a store hair cut, and bought himself a new suit of store clothes. He looked all different, but queerer still was how he acted, telling us all good evening and chatting away about what he seen. Told us right off he'd paid all his debts, including taxes, and now he meant to enjoy his money.

After that the winters come along like always, some harder and colder than others, but old man Henley never so much as sneezed.

"I mind many nights Ellen would come home and tell us he'd be the death of her yet," Janey said, breaking into my telling. "She always made a joke of it, though he was enough to drive a body wild with his stubborn

ways. It was all wrote out in the deed that she was to do as she liked with the red brick house, and all he had the right to was keep on living in it."

"What was wrote in the deed was one thing," I said, "but old man Henley was another. Nary a thing did she make up her mind to do but he was dead set against it, and they couldn't have fought more bitter had they been blood relations."

"Or man and wife," Eben said, giving my shoulder a pat. "But the worst was over the wallpaper in the front bedroom. Old man Henley he says with all the new fangled gee-gaws Ellen's putting in the house—a whole bathroom from Monkey Ward and linoleum on the kitchen floor—he don't see why they got to peel off pieces of that old wallpaper and send it away to have it copied."

"They had it hot and heavy," I said, "but Ellen got around him in the end. Only for being a mite brighter, the paper on the front bedroom is just the same as ever it was. I hold they fought worse over the stove."

"I'll tell you how that come out," Eben said. "Ellen got herself all wore down with fighting over the wallpaper, and it was the nearest in ten years I ever see her come to admitting he had her beat. To the devil with him she says, and she takes a day off from the fighting and goes to an auction, coming back with the Franklin stove in the back of Jim's car.

"Next morning I haul it over to the red brick house and the old man sees us coming and it begins. I give up after awhile and come back before supper, and they're still at it. I mind the three of us standing in this very room, me acting kind of like umpire. 'Over my dead body you'll set up that crazy contraption in my parlor,' he screams at her. She was about to answer back it was *her* parlor, when I busted in. 'Here's your chance, Ellen girl,' I tell her. 'If you want I should move the Franklin stove in now I will, and he'll have to lay down and die, for the Henleys are men of their word.' "

"That worried him for a minute, for he never felt less inclined to dying than while in the thick of a good fight. Then he sees his chance to drive another Yankee bargain, and he takes it. 'You can have your danged old wallpaper,' he tells Ellen, 'providing the Frankin stove sets in the shed till the day they lay me to rest.' "

We didn't say anything for a while when Eben finished, only looked into the fire that burned so bright in the Franklin stove.

I knew it was Ellen who had the best of the bargain, for she told me so herself. A few days after she got took so sudden with that heart attack I stood in the Races' back bedroom where she lay abed. The room was bright with the October sun, but it was a cheerless kind of place to be sick in. Ellen's trunk and some big boxes took up the most of it, setting there all those years and never rightly unpacked. It looked like a place a body was getting to move out of next day—and I thought how long Ellen had been waiting to move.

"You'd best bring Ellen down," I said to Eben

I said, sharp like to hide my feeling, "Aunt Lucy brought you some chicken broth, but it hasn't got the strength of mine. Make sure it's my broth that Janey brings you at lunch time, Ellen."

It was good to hear her laugh like her old self, her head back against the pillows and her eyes blue as ever. "Did you ever think what it would be like, Cindy," she asked me, "to lie sick abed in a back bedroom and not a person in the world to know or care?"

"I got the best of the bargain with old man Henley," she said then. "I know that now for sure, Cindy, though I never yet slept a night under my own roof. More than my own house it was my own folks I wanted, folks to bring me chicken broth when I'm sick abed." And she started laughing all over again saying, "Yes, and folks to share a good fight with, like the fights I've shared with old man Henley that I don't know yet do I hate or love him more."

That day there was naught in my own heart but bitterness against the old man. But now, remembering Ellen's words, I was glad she had got the best of the bargain, and no hard feelings. Except for the fire crackling in the Frankin stove, it was still in Ellen's parlor—the easy kind of stillness you could always enjoy with Ellen. Looking out the window at the slant of the shadows, I saw it was time for the priest now. "You'd best bring Ellen down," I said to Eben.

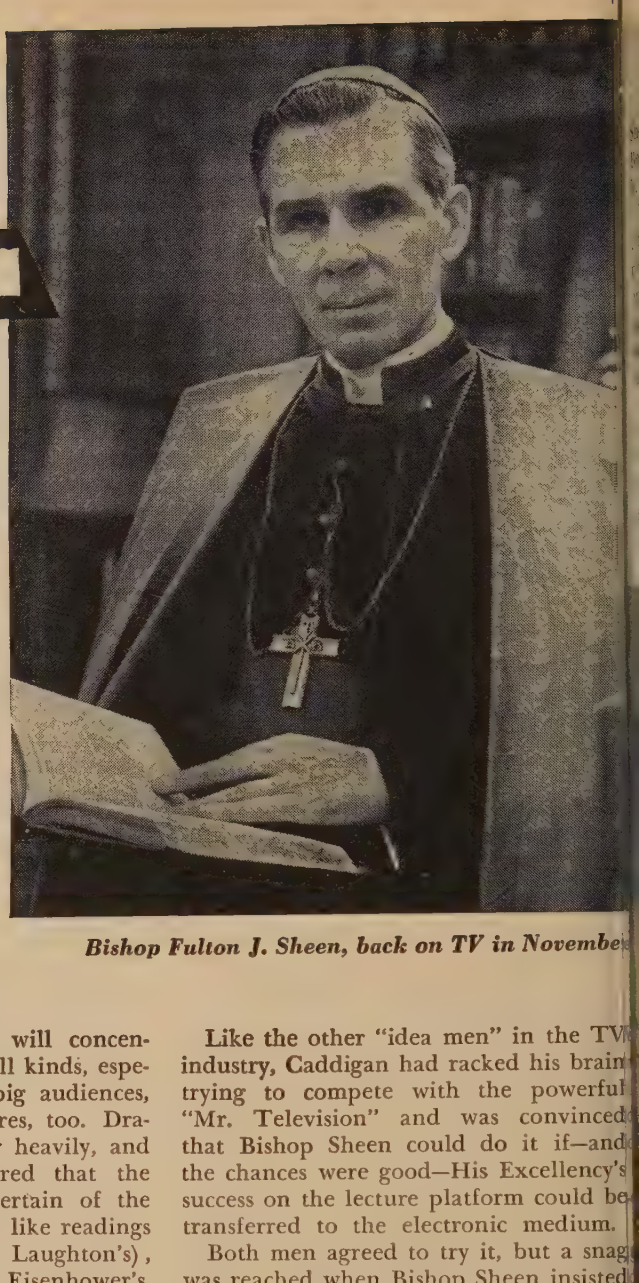
It was only then we thought to wonder where old man Henley had been keeping himself all day. "He went out without a word this morning before Ellen came," Janey said. We could hear the men walking softly in the front bedroom, and then their heavier tread as they came down the wide stairs bearing their burden. They set the coffin by the window looking out on the post office, for there were more come to say good-by than Ellen's parlor would hold. The priest stepped in through the doorway, and behind him, walking sad and slow, old man Henley with a bunch of winter roses in his hand.

"I had the best of the bargain," he said, "I didn't have the right to be under foot, her first day in her own house." Then he put the roses in the coffin where Ellen lay.

RADIO AND TELEVISION

John Lester is the new radio and television editor of THE SIGN. He writes a syndicated radio and TV column that appears in many daily newspapers

by JOHN LESTER



Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, back on TV in Novembe

A NEW television season is getting under way as you read this, the biggest, most star-studded, and best season to date, by all calculations.

The number of TV sets in operation will increase from nearly 20,000,000 as of now to nearly 24,000,000 or more by the season's end, and the number of regular viewers will increase accordingly.

Programming, generally, will be better than ever and there will be an influx of Hollywood and Broadway stars to the new medium. As expected, this, along with certain economic factors, will make competition keener than ever, and the many "time fillers," the more superficial of the quizzes and panel shows, and even some of TV's so-called "veteran" programs will undoubtedly disappear.

In the latter group, all eyes will again be on Milton Berle and his Tuesday night vaudeville hour, both of which slipped badly last year. No longer "Mr. TV" by virtue of the No. One audience rating, although his identification with the medium in its early stages will never be lost, Berle may try to regain his former position this year, and he completely reorganized his show before the season began with that in mind.

The odds are "Uncle Milty" won't make it, however, for a variety of reasons.

There are too many other comics in TV now—and more coming—for one thing, and Berle is no longer as young and strong, nor as physically fit, as he once was, for another. The furious pace has taken its toll. Berle is also a rich man, his future secure, and it's traditional that "hungry" comics, men on their way up, are the best bets.

But whether or not Berle manages a comeback, his show will be watched by millions, as will others of this type, because certain patterns are beginning to emerge out of the welter of confusion and headlong struggle that has existed in TV from the first and producers are planning accordingly.

Comedy-variety shows, like Berle's, Gleason's, Skelton's, are vastly popular, so programmers will concentrate on them. Sports of all kinds, especially boxing, also draw big audiences, so concentration here figures, too. Dramatic shows likewise draw heavily, and it has also been discovered that the viewing public eats up certain of the more intellectual offerings, like readings from the classics (Charles Laughton's), speeches (MacArthur's, Eisenhower's, Truman's), and special events (the political conventions, the Kefauver crime hearings), so these, too, can be expected to appear more frequently.

Any way you figure it, things are looking up.

THE long search for someone who could make a noticeable dent in Milton Berle's Tuesday night TV hour finally ended late last season, but by accident.

Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, the man who delivered the telling blow against "Uncle Milty's" top rating, had applied for time to speak on several stations and networks but has been considered a public relations risk and turned down.

For some reason, however, he didn't visit the offices of the Dumont network, so Jim Caddigan, Dumont's shrewd programming director and sparkplug, went to him.

Like the other "idea men" in the TV industry, Caddigan had racked his brain trying to compete with the powerful "Mr. Television" and was convinced that Bishop Sheen could do it if—and the chances were good—His Excellency's success on the lecture platform could be transferred to the electronic medium.

Both men agreed to try it, but a snag was reached when Bishop Sheen insisted on being telecast from the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York. Caddigan, who was firmly against that as being too sectarian and open to attack, held out for a studio set duplicating the bishop's study, and eventually won his point.

The rest is TV history.

Bishop Sheen zoomed to the top literally overnight and was soon the most talked-about man on television, proving to new millions what his many friends and followers have known for years: that Fulton J. Sheen is one of the most dramatic and dynamic speakers and one of the most forceful personalities of our time and, as such, a "natural" for TV.

As for the one-time, long-time undisputed "King Of Television," well, Berle took his setback good-naturedly.

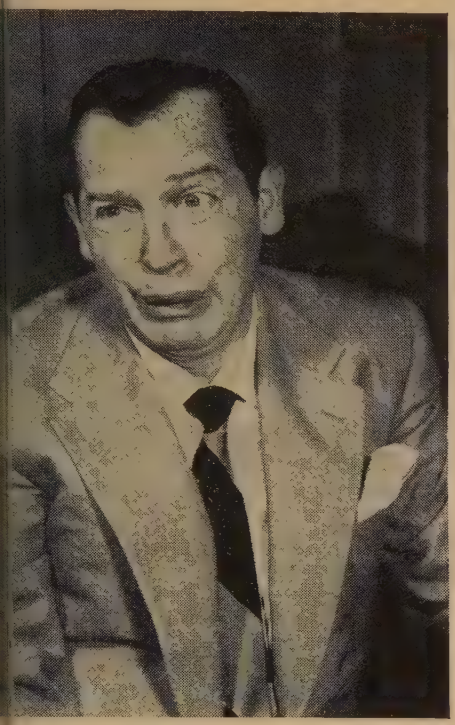
He couldn't imagine having his ratings cut by "a better guy" than Bishop

NEW KOMEDY KING—Broke, discouraged, and all but unknown a year ago, comic Jackie Gleason looms as one of the new kings of TV. His show is seen Saturday nights on CBS-TV.

Sheen and "the Man he represents," Berle said, and you felt he really meant it.

When Bishop Sheen ended his sensational season last spring, he said he'd not return until after the electioneering and campaigning for President were over, in order that none of his remarks would be misinterpreted as favoring one candidate or the other.

At this writing, his return is scheduled for November 18, same time, 8:30 P.M., EST, same network, of course, although the other webs have offered him as high as $40,000 a telecast to make a change.



Milton Berle has returned

Newspapers vs. Video

Newspaper publishers all over the country now say television is the best thing to happen to the press since the invention of the linotype machine, and figures show that circulations leaped all during the recent national conventions in Chicago, in spite of thorough coverage by television.

There's no doubt in my mind that they're right.

Nor is there any doubt that TV will force the newspapers to a level of honesty and integrity many never thought possible, and this is submitted most respectfully and on the theory that anything can be improved upon, even the American newspaper, which is certainly the greatest in the world, by far.

Television will accomplish this easily, merely by picturing things as they are.

It will picture certain politicians, for example, to return to convention matters, as the windbags they are, with vast empty spaces where talent and ability should reside. When this happens, no newspaper in its right mind will continue to paint these men as heroes because of family or financial connections or political favors received.

This will mean the beginning of the end of news-slanting, which everybody knows is traditional in the newspaper business, and the return to real, honest-to-ethics reporting and editing.

My friends in the newspaper business may not like to read this, but they can't fail to understand it.

Yes, fellows, the revolution is here, and its name is Television.

What's In a Name? Well,

One of the most fascinating phases of radio is that dealing with station "call letters" which, at first glance, may seem dull, humdrum, and purely a means of identification, and identification, as you know, is their primary purpose.

Some owners, in naming their stations, grab the first letters that come to mind and let it go at that. Others employ varying degrees of sly humor or imagination to arrive at some striking combinations, and the fact that the letters of a Philadelphia station, WJMJ, stand for "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," and those of WIOD, Miami, for "Isle Of Dreams," is only part of the story.

Other station "call letters" perpetuate the names of men, newspapers, department stores, movie studios and cities, or are out-and-out chamber of commerce plugs.

WFDR, in New York, for example, was named for the late President Roosevelt and WLEE, in Richmond, Va., after the beloved commander-in-chief of the armies of the Confederacy.

WGN, Chicago, daily reminds the public that its owner is the *Chicago Tribune*, which calls itself "The World's Greatest Newspaper." Another Chicago station is listed as WIND to remind that it's domiciled in "The Windy City." Dayton, Ohio, one of the nation's great aviation centers, daily reminds listeners of this civic fact through radio station WING.

Station KIST is in the sun-kissed city of Santa Barbara, Calif. KAVE is in Karlsbad, New Mexico, the city of America's famous caverns, or caves. Station KANE is in New Iberia, La., the heart of the sugar cane country, and KORN is in Fremont, Neb., in the great corn belt.

MAN-AND-WIFE TEAM—Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball, Mr. and Mrs. in private life, are starring team on TV's top-rated *I Love Lucy* series, which rocketed to prominence last season via several revolutionary techniques. Show resumed September 15.

In Brief

Denmark claims "the world's smallest TV studio," which telecasts three hours a week to two hundred video families. . . . The comedy team of Fibber McGee and Molly will begin its eighteenth year on radio when it returns to NBC on October 7. . . Walter Winchell, reported well and rarin' to go again, will return to his 9 P.M. E.S.T., spot on ABC radio October 5 and will debut his TV commentary-newscast at 6:45 P.M., also E.S.T., on the same date. He'll get $16,000 a week for the two shows. . . . Bing Crosby, whose TV plans are still up in the air, is taping a backlog of his radio stanzas in order to have plenty of time free for his trip to Europe.

Madison Square Garden officials insist there'll be plenty of important boxing bouts on home TV this season and that there's no plan afoot to enter into exclusive contracts with theater TV interests.

There must be an Easier Way

Public speaking has its compensations. What they are I'll never be certain, but I am sure it's not the easiest way to make a living

by ***LUCILE HASLEY***

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

IT has long been a secret disappointment to me that I've never been approached for jury duty, a Gallup poll, a Kinsey report, or even one of those Man-on-the-Street questionnaires. Imagine my delight, therefore, when Miss Fanny Butcher—in her *Chicago Tribune* column—tossed the following provocative questions right into my lap.

"A poll which, to my knowledge, has never been taken," wrote Miss Butcher, "would question lecturers about their audiences, where they find the warmest welcome, where intelligent listeners draw from them their subtlest quips . . . like a magnet lifting the hairpins from tightly wound curls. Would they find their ideal audiences across footlights, under the glow of chandeliers in private clubs, across the desks of college students gathered for discussion? Or, is there something about all formal audiences that denaturalizes anyone?"

After brooding over these questions for several days, I realized that I had a very real obligation to step forward and make my report to Miss Butcher. I was not, it is true, what you might call a seasoned public speaker, but where in the world could you find one more sensitive? Where find another who descended into the Valley of the Shadow every time she faced an audience of over five people? Where find another who could more swiftly and more completely become denaturalized? (I take it that this expression has nothing to do with losing one's citizenship rights; that it just means "to become somewhat less than human.")

Besides which, I was just as interested as Miss Butcher in this quest for the Holy Grail: that is, an ideal audience. Up until now my standards had been fairly low. In my estimation, any audience was an ideal audience that didn't demand a cash refund at the front door. Yet here was Miss Butcher suggesting that a *really* ideal audience could, like a magnet drawing out hairpins, extract subtle quips from even . . . well, frankly, I felt the whole thing smacked of occult powers, and yet who was I to scoff? After all, they scoffed at Columbus when he said "Sail on! Sail on!" and look what *he* discovered. Discovering this ideal quip-extracting audience couldn't be much harder, when you stopped to think about it, than discovering a new continent.

Yet I can't help feeling that there are certain conditions which *no* audience, no matter how occult, could possibly rise above. Such as, for example, the women's group that I recently faced in Michigan City. I had been lured up there by the highly agreeable proposition that I, as the guest of honor, wouldn't have to open my mouth: a proposition *so* appealing that I guess I didn't, at the time, carefully listen to the rest of it. As it later dawned on me, what they wanted was the privilege of looking at me, while a panel of six women discussed me and my essays.

This bizarre arrangement became even more bizarre when, at the threshold of the Purdue Club, I discovered that my appearance was to come as a "delightful surprise" to the club members. Including, you understand, the six unsuspecting ladies on the panel. *They* evinced their delight, upon meeting me in the flesh, by just repeating "Oh, no . . . *no!*" in stricken accents. Only an obscure sense of club loyalty kept them, I'm sure, from bolting out the front door of the Purdue Club in a body.

One timid soul, in particular, looked as if she were going to be actively ill as we all filed in, Indian style, and took our places at a long discussion table. I, of course, sat in the middle, and there I continued to sit . . . as impassive and inscrutable as Buddha . . . throughout the whole tortuous performance. For one thing, it was very awkward not knowing whether I should laugh appreciably—or not laugh appreciably—at my own witty remarks, as quoted by the panel ladies. I finally decided it would be better taste to just be Buddha. It was impossible, naturally, to play the role to the hilt—that is, just contemplate my navel—but I did spend the time earnestly inspecting my fingernails.

After it was over, the ladies presented me—for my afternoon's modeling services—with a huge bouquet of gladiolas (from off the tea table), along with (and don't ask me *why*), two large boxes of Girl Scout cookies. Barely able to peer over the top of these offerings, it was extremely awkward trying to feel my way, by foot work, up the steps of the train, but I couldn't help feeling that it was—all

n all—an experience to be treasured. So much for Michigan City. It stands alone in its uniqueness. In all my other ports of call, the audiences have been in fine fettle—relaxed, poised, in full possession of all their faculties—while *I* have been the denaturalized party. I would like to point out to Miss Butcher, however, that a speaker is often denaturalized, not to mention demoralized, before even *reaching* the platform. Sometimes, indeed, it takes only a small declarative sentence to undermine a speaker's aplomb.

Such as, for example, the lady in Kalamazoo who rushed up to me just as I was walking into the auditorium. "Are you *really* Lucile Hasley?" she cried out in a loud voice. "But I thought you'd be taller and have a more aristocratic nose!" The genuine distress in her voice left me shaken to the roots, even though I later received a note of apology. She assured me (in one of the smoothest recoveries of all time) that what must have seemed rudeness was really a marvelous tribute to my

"Lady," he kept saying, "you've got something"

writing. That is, she had so identified herself with me—so graphic was I—that she was just *sure* I'd be tall and have an aristocratic nose like herself.

And then there was the lady in Chicago who, after what *I* considered the most magnificent speech of my career, wrote me the following note. "I am a professional book reviewer—in fact, I give dramatic readings—and I hope you won't mind my suggestion. Since I am taller than you are, and considerably bolder in self-assertion, why don't you just stick to your writing, dear, and let *me* present your material to the public?"

This came as a terrible blow because, as I say, my speech at the Morrison Hotel had been nothing short of magnificent. I don't say that the audience exactly leaped to their feet and screamed for more but that, *under the circumstances,* I had—like the little Judy Garland trooper I am—overcome great odds.

For one thing, I was—simultaneously—running a low-grade fever and having goosepimples. The goosepimples were due to the fact that I would, for the first time in my life, be speaking before a real live Bishop. And whereas Bishop Cousins was not in my own diocese, I figured that he might very well get in touch with *my* Bishop and start excommunication proceedings. I didn't *intend* to be heretical, of course, but I have discovered—since lining up with the Catholic Church—that it's easier to run into heresy than it is to catch a common head cold.

My low-degree fever, on the other hand, was due to a three-inch wound on my left shin bone that I'd received, honorably enough, while pursuing the duties of my state of life. The night before, I had been out in the backyard trying to run down my small son, in order to give him his bath, and I had, in the gloaming, fallen on a rusty iron spike in the zinnia bed. A tetanus shot was advisable, said the doctor, as he bandaged me from ankle to knee, but it might also make me violently ill for Chicago. A delay of twenty-four hours, he felt, would not be *too* risky.

"Okay, I'll take the chance," I said, "but tell me what to watch out for. I mean, what are the first symptoms of lockjaw?"

The doctor shuddered. "Oh, I wouldn't describe them to anyone," he said.

AS if this were not enough (that is, having my leg swatched in bandages and expecting lockjaw to set in at any given minute), I also had had a strenuous experience going in to Chicago on the New York Central. The man in front of me—one of those Men of Distinction who had hoisted one too many—had given me his full and undivided, and even loving attention. Ordinarily, I would, at my age, have been enormously flattered, except that the Man of Distinction (who was well on his way to becoming a Man of Extinction) could barely raise his eyelids.

"Lady," he kept saying, in a dreamy voice, "you've got something. I don't know what it is, Lady, but you sure got it." ("Lockjaw and stagefright, that's what I've got," I felt like telling him, but there was no point in encouraging the fellow.) This dreamy, one-sided conversation, of course, quite charmed my fellow passengers, but they were beside themselves with delight when the Man of Distinction suddenly thrust his arm out at me.

"You know anything about materials, Lady?" he asked.

Next I tried to wrap my finger in the tablecloth

"No," I said, sulkily.

"Well, just feel my sleeve, Lady," he urged. "Best gabardine that money can buy. Go on, Lady. *Feel it!*"

By the time I reached Chicago, I was well on my way to a stage of complete denaturalization. Nor did the committee ladies, who gave me my last-minute directions before going on to face the Bishop, help matters any. Prior to this time, I had never bothered with any sort of formal salutation. I'd always stepped up to the microphone and said simply (and hopefully): "Friends."

Now, it appeared, I had to run through the entire Catholic litany.

"Say 'Thank you, Madame Chairman' and smile in her direction," they instructed me. "Then bow and smile at the Bishop and say, 'Your Excellency.' Then smile, but don't bow, and say, 'Monsignor Kelly.' Then say, but you don't necessarily have to smile when you say it, 'Reverend Fathers.' Then swing around to the audience again and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen.'"

Small wonder that I, as I went through my Catholic paces, failed to notice the glass of water on the lectern. As I struck my hand against it, and felt the cold soothing water splashing over me and my typewritten notes, I reflected that one does, in a sense, go from one baptism to another. It some-

how gave me the courage to shake myself off and proceed to deliver (no matter *what* that woman in the audience wrote me to the contrary) the most magnificent speech of my career.

ONLY I can't help feeling there's something sinister—even lethal—about Bishops. It was in front of my next Bishop—this time in Kansas City, Missouri—that I underwent my baptism by blood. I am not, please understand, being whimsical. I mean *blood.* Good red human blood. The stuff that hospitals charge you twenty-five dollars a pint for in giving transfusions. Moreover, I was in no condition, after my grueling attempts even to *reach* Kansas City, to spare even a drop.

To begin with, I was stranded for six hours at the Chicago Airport. You know the Chicago Airport? It is a large lovely madhouse, covering several acres, where people shake plane reservations under the noses of the desk officials and plead and scream for Simple Justice.

Well that's what I did, screamed, pleaded, and begged to get aboard a plane for Kansas City. Because we had been late arriving from South Bend, my place on the plane had been given to someone else. Although I continued to torment the desk for a seat aboard a flight to Kansas City, it wasn't until six hours later at precisely six-thirty o'clock that I fought my way onto a plane, en route to a six o'clock banquet in Missouri. I wasn't the least bit sure that any audience would still be waiting for me but, just the same, as I winged into the darkness, I began to worry about my "Fools Rush In" speech. Kansas City was just a *little* too close to the Mason and Dixon line for my own peace of mind. Would it, or would it not, be sheer suicide for me to include my usual little homily on racial prejudice . . . tell them about my own personal Negro friends?

As Providence would have it, the man across the aisle from me was wearing a Roman collar. Divine Providence, I thought to myself, has sent me this Man of God: to give me the necessary spiritual fortitude: to buoy me up with a pep talk to go forth and sow seeds, whate'er the odds. . . .

I leaned across the aisle and explained, in a low voice, my problem. "If you know what's good for you," whispered the Man of God, "you won't talk about Negroes in Kansas City."

That ended our brief conversation.

It was nine o'clock when I—like a last-minute landing of the U.S. Marines—dashed into the private club where Bishop O'Hara and a glittering assembly were waiting for me. I say "glittering assembly" because I could, even by the flickering candlelight, see that the women were dressed to the teeth and that, among the men, there was an occasional gleaming shirt front. I, on the other hand, in my wrinkled suit, looked like someone straight off a *Catholic Worker* soup line. It was perfectly marvelous for my humility, of course, but I couldn't help sending a wistful glance toward my suitcase. In my suitcase, parked at the door, was the attractive black crepe dress, with a draped skirt and jeweled neck clip, that Kansas City would never see.

As I looked over the glittering assembly, I had a sinking feeling—be it rash judgment or not—that they would probably just as soon shoot a Negro as say "hello" to him. Hence, did it not follow that they would just as soon shoot a speaker who . . .

"Friends," I began, with no conviction whatsoever that we would end on this note, "I am very happy this evening . . ."

Despite my happiness, I became so nervous, as I neared the danger zone in my talk, that I started to untwist and fiddle with the paper clip from my notes. Not realizing my own strength when it came to paper clips, I fiddled so vigorously that it suddenly snapped in two. Feeling a sharp prick, followed by something warm and sticky, I glanced down and discovered that the warm stickiness . . . "No," I thought to myself, "this can't possibly be happening to me." But it was. It seems that I had, in one of the neatest tricks of the year, punctured a blood vessel and not just a teeny little old vessel but a veritable gusher. Instinctively, if somewhat wildly, I stuck my hand under the table and tried to wipe it off on the white linen tablecloth. The flow continuing, I next tried to *wrap* my hand in the tablecloth—in a sort of homemade tourniquet—and what Bishop O'Hara thought I was trying to do, God only knows. Maybe, for all I know, he figured I was just eccentric and *liked* to wrap myself up in tablecloths.

Anyway, it was at this point that I decided to skip the cause of the Negro. Enough was enough. I'd had a hard day. In fact, I decided it would be smart to sit down before I fell down.

I emerged from under the table and held up my hand as Exhibit A. "I'm sorry," I said, politely, "but I think I'm quietly bleeding to death."

Well, there was a doctor in the house and between him and the Bishop, with His Excellency himself applying the iodine, I got bandaged up. This unscheduled but touching scene took place, of course, in front of the entire audience, and a more heartless crew I have never seen.

At any rate, *here* was an audience that wasn't inhibited or denaturalized. I had, in the early part of my talk, mentioned the woman who had requested my bones for relics (in the happy event of a plane crash) and now some exuberant soul called out from the audience, "We don't want your bones in Kansas City, Mrs. Hasley! Just your blood!"

Inspired by this sally, I held up the bloody tablecloth and called back: "Well, now, here's a really first-class relic. What am I bid?" And people, in presenting a book to be autographed, would come up with various lively variations of: "We're not fussy in Kansas City. Just your X in blood will be sufficient, Mrs. Hasley."

I wonder—is this what Miss Butcher means by the "subtle quip?" I wonder—was this bloodthirsty crew what she means by the ideal audience? If so, all I can say is that the price is too high. I mean, *must* a speaker—in order to break down the formalities—puncture a blood vessel? Anyway, it was after my Kansas City ordeal by blood that I decided there *must* be an easier way to make a living than by public speaking. Such as deep-sea diving or painting flagpoles or testing out parachutes or . . . Well, you name it, Miss Butcher.

No Doubt About It

►The professor was having a difficult time with his class in conversational French. Every student used the wrong words; few had the right pronunciations; none knew the right idioms. Finally, after listening to five or six flounder about, the professor lost all reserve.

"This is terrible!" he shouted. "Terrible! Why, a stranger coming into the classroom wouldn't even know that this is a French lesson. He wouldn't know what language we're learning."

Momentary silence. Then, from the back of the room, a student murmured: *"Si, senor, si."*

—Joseph C. Ryan

Young Mothers Take Over

A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE

• With the armed forces recalling men to active duty every day, many wives find themselves left with a house and family to care for. In addition to their chores as housewives, and in some cases as mothers, they have the added work of taking care of a house without the aid of a man. Such jobs as painting, taking down and putting up screens, cutting the grass, making minor repairs, and numerous other odds and ends that once were taken care of by the man of the house now fall to the women.

Doing double work around the house takes its toll in energy and as a result many families faced with this problem have a mother or some other family member move in and help share the burden.

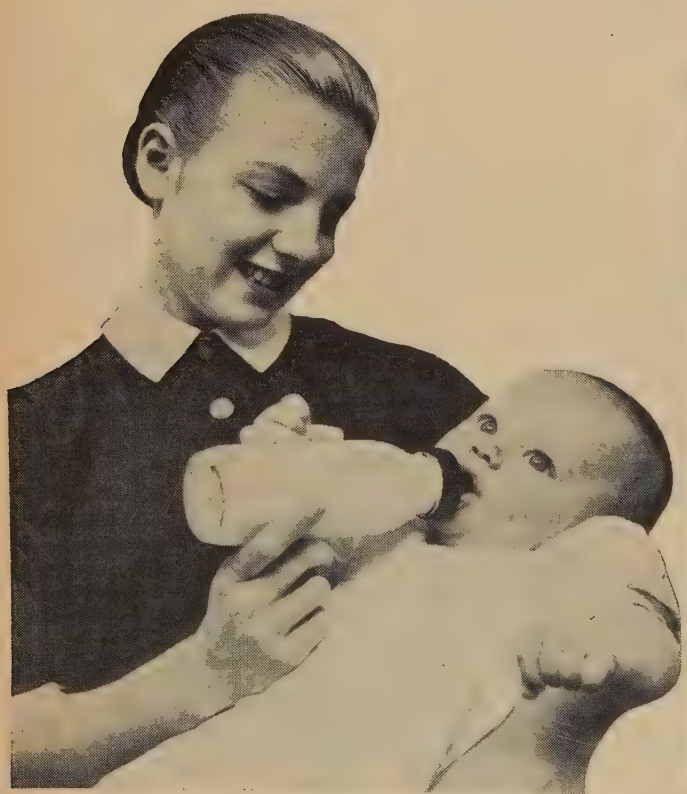
Here is a story in pictures of a typical young mother and her average day taking care of a baby and a six-room house while her husband is in service. In this case the wife's mother moved in while the husband was away.

Top: With a young baby to take care of the day starts very early. Generally, the first feeding is about 6 A. M.

Bottom: The last thing at night is letter-writing time with an hour usually spent recounting the day to hubby.

Putting up screens is just one of the many jobs inherited by the wife with the husband away.

Mailman assumes a greater importance with mail the only means of communication with husband.



Taking care of a baby is a full-time job but it becomes part-time position with no man at home.

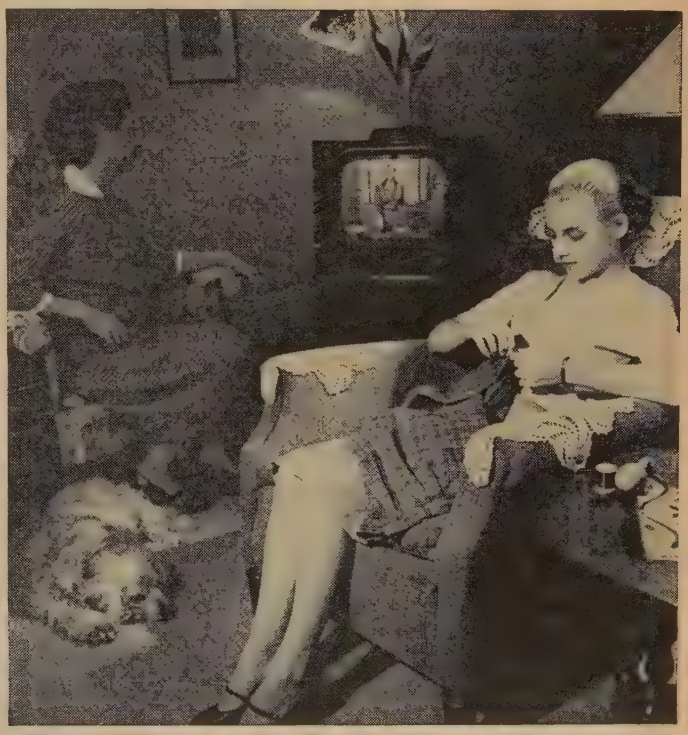
Where the husband used to help with the weekly shopping it is now a daily chore for the wife.

A SIGN PICTURE STORY

Having one's mother around to help with the cooking, cleaning, and care of the baby proves to be a big help.

When the other work is done there is always the garden which is constantly in need of attention.

Even with nothing to wash for dad, doing the laundry is a big job with all the baby's things.



When the day's work is done and baby is asleep there is always some sewing to keep mother busy.

Man Against Wilderness

The story of Father Ravalli and his wonderful mission work in the wilderness of the Northwest during the middle 1800's

by
ADRIAN ALLEN

Above: St. Mary's mission, designed and built in 1866 by Father Ravalli. Left: Cottonwood logs of church which were adzed by hand

THIS is the story of a man who worked, lived, and died in our Northwest before the frontier was gone. He tried to shape the crude and resistant material of the wilderness into a finer and more meaningful pattern. He accomplished more than most men, because he was better prepared.

Anthony Ravalli was born in Ferrara, Italy; at fifteen he left his parents' home to become a novice in the Society of Jesus. A Jesuit novice's education included the Latin and Greek classics, philosophy, mathematics, and natural science, which today we call biology. Ravalli was proficient in natural science, and, after teaching it in Jesuit schools, got permission to study medicine. For three years he attended medical classes at the University of Rome—this at a time when doctors in the United States commonly had little or no formal training. Along with his medical studies, he got various artisans of Rome to teach him woodcarving, carpentry, and ironworking. Somehow, he also managed to pick up a good knowledge of art and architecture. He had a rare combination of theoretical and practical ability and was ready to learn anything to help his fellow men.

Father Pierre Jean DeSmet returned to Europe in 1843 to recruit more missionaries for the American Northwest. The few missionaries already in the field were spread thinly over a drifting sea of Indian tribes which stretched for some 800 miles from the mouth of the Columbia River to the Rocky Mountains. Civilization was otherwise represented by the few islands of white settlement near the coast and the Hudson Bay trading posts. To that land Father Ravalli was ordered; and with joy, we may imagine, he received the summons to accompany Father DeSmet.

Father DeSmet and his party took ship in Holland and sailed around Cape Horn to Oregon. Father Ravalli took his final vows as a Jesuit during the voyage. He was thirty-two years old, tall and sturdy, ready for the frontier.

His first winter in the Northwest was a rude introduction to the wilderness. He was sent to help Father Hoecken at the new mission to the Kalispelm Indians in northern Idaho. The experience was largely one of cold and hunger.

The next year, Father Ravalli went to St. Mary's, the mission that was founded because Flathead Indians had crossed the plains to ask for "black robes." It is not hard to see why Father Ravalli became fond of St. Mary's. The Bitter Root is one of the finest valleys of western Montana. For 70 miles down one side stand the Bitter Root Mountains, all in a row; down the other side roll the western flanks of the Rockies. The streams are clear and sparkling. The fields are rich, the soil deep.

Father Mengarini headed the mission in 1845. One thing it lacked was a flour mill. Flour for Mass bread was brought once a year from Fort Colville or Vancouver; it sometimes ran out before a new supply came. Father Ravalli had brought a pair of small millstones on the ship to Oregon; they came on by animal-back to St. Mary's. With the help of the people of the mission, he improvised a water-powered flour mill; it was soon grinding eight to ten bushels of wheat a day.

There was a human problem in the valley that was much less capable of solution. The Blackfoot Indians were a powerful tribe who enjoyed picking on the Flatheads. Blackfoot bands often came to the Bitter Root to engage in that favorite Indian sport, stealing their neighbors' horses.

Late one summer the whole Flathead tribe went away on a buffalo hunt, leaving at the mission only a few old people and some small children. Every night this group slept inside the mission stockade, in fear of the Blackfeet. One morning, a band of Blackfoot riders was seen approaching. Father Ravalli and Brother Claessens, who were alone in charge at the time, went in the chapel and knelt to pray; they expected to be speedily killed. The Blackfeet rode up and circled the enclosure; then they veered off to steal some near-by horses. They might have been afraid that the stockade was strongly defended, or they might simply have been greedy for horses. As they rode off, one Flathead boy put his head out the gate to watch and was shot and killed.

It is not likely that the Blackfeet were restrained by respect for a Christian mission. A very few of them had been baptized, but most of them were remote from missionary influence; they remained the most savage of the Montana Indians. The Blackfoot threat hung over St. Mary's during all those early years.

One of Father Ravalli's great problems in his medical work was obtaining medicines. They could come only once a year by pack train; twice within a five-year period, the train was plundered by hostile tribes. He tried to find substitutes for his medicines in the Indian herbs; after experimenting with these, he concluded that none were of any use. The one material he could produce locally was alcohol; he built a small still to extract it from camas root. In its use as an antiseptic for wounds, he was ahead of his time. Most doctors were not using antiseptics until a generation later.

In 1848, Father Ravalli was sent to the Couer d'Alene valley of northern Idaho to build a new church. His bold plan called for a building 90 feet long, 30 feet high, and 40 feet wide, with a magnificent baroque façade. He had for help two lay brothers and the Indians of the Coeur d'Alene tribe. His tools were a broad ax, an auger, some ropes and pulleys, a whipsaw, and a penknife. One wonders at the tremendous energy of the man, to build so much with unskilled help, crude tools, and pine logs. There was nothing puny about his building material.

The strong and impressive building still stands on a hill above the Coeur d'Alene River. It is now called the Old or Cataldo mission.

From 1850, St. Mary's mission was closed until 1866 when Father Giorda was sent to reopen it. For helpers, he was sent Father Ravalli and Brother Claessens.

They set to work to build a new chapel of cottonwood logs, on a site near the original mission. Their chapel, in use today, was dedicated on September 28, 1866, although it was probably several years before it was finished in its present form. Father Ravalli planned and carried out the tasteful interior decoration; he did the scrollwork which adorns the altar. He also carved statutes for St. Mary's—his St. Ignatius stands at the right of the altar.

THINGS had changed in the valley since the 1840's. A little town had grown up near a trading post. Settlers were taking up farm land, beginning the process that was to squeeze the Flatheads out entirely.

Father Ravalli became a familiar figure to the valley's inhabitants. Often he was out with his medicine chest slung behind his saddle; he went out in all weather, without regard for his own health. A log cabin beside the church was his dispensary.

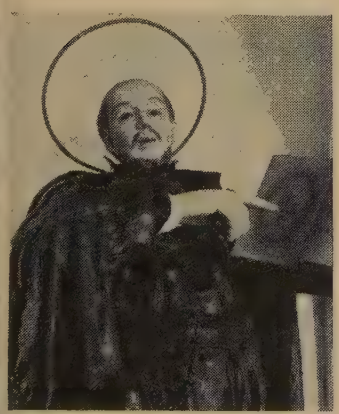
The old church bears many marks of Father Ravalli's personality. He lived in the rooms which are tacked on to the back; the strong, simple furniture was made and used by him.

By 1872, there were a thousand white settlers in the Bitter Root valley. The Government had earlier recognized the right of the Flatheads to live either in the Bitter Root or in the Jocko Valley, farther north. Now, with all those whites in the Bitter Root, it decided to move the Indians north. Its attempt to do so brought much bitterness and many years of disruption to the Flatheads.

Part of the Flatheads under Chief Charlot stubbornly refused to move. Father Ravalli had a part in later establishing that they had not signed the treaty and had a right to stay. He may also have had something to do with the fact that the Flatheads in 1877 did not join their cousins, the Nez Perces, in an uprising which was the last of the Indian wars. Charlot and his band later gave up the unequal competition with the white farmers and moved north. It is a sad story, the crushing of one way of life by another. But the Flatheads' story was better than it would have been without men like Father Ravalli.

His last years were hard. He suffered a stroke, and for most of four years he was confined to his bed. He did not complain much and kept his hands and mind busy. People came to his bedside for medical advice. He had a cot constructed in a canvas-covered wagon and sometimes rode out in it to attend the sick.

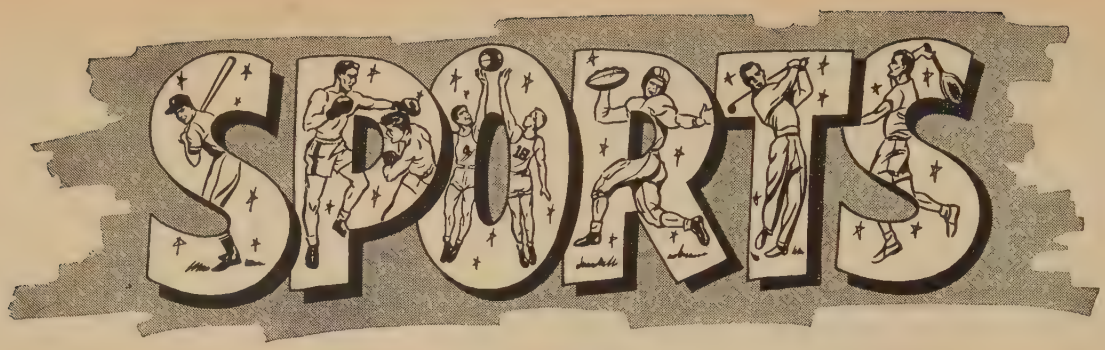
He died at St. Mary's in 1884. A friend once asked him if he had ever wanted to return to Italy to see his home and relatives. He answered, "Yes, and I could have had that pleasure. But then, the sacrifice would not have been complete." And he lowered his head and wept.



Statue of St. Ignatius carved by Father Ravalli

Father Ravalli built this cabin alongside St. Mary's and used it as his dispensary

This painting by Father Ravalli hangs in a Montana church rectory



by **DON DUNPHY**

The Fighting Irish

IT seems ages since a Notre Dame football team won the mythical national football championship, but actually it's just a short time. It was in 1949 when the Fighting Irish went undefeated for the fourth year in a row, but two seasons in a row without a national title is a long time in Notre Dame history.

They're not talking in championship terms on the beautiful South Bend campus this year, either, but you just can't convince the legion of subway alumni. They think the Irish should win all the time, which, while it is a very nice thought, just isn't possible and certainly isn't very fair to Frank Leahy and his splendid assistant coaches, nor to the very fine young men who bring glory to their Alma Mater on the gridiron.

We've been so accustomed to Notre Dame success that it's hard to believe it when they drop a couple, as they did last season, or when they lose four, as they did in 1950. But a reaction is bound to set in once in a while, and when they lose one or two we know that their efforts are none the less gallant. That's the time to remember that Notre Dame grid teams have been the greatest of all time, that they have gathered in the national championship seven times, that they have been undefeated seventeen times and undefeated and untied ten times. The efforts of no other college or university have been so crowned with success.

There have been three bursts of power in Notre Dame gridiron history. Under the late Knute Rockne, the Fighting Irish ascended to almost unbelievable heights when they won fifty-five, lost three, and tied one game over a six-year stretch from 1919 to 1924 inclusive. This was an era that featured the great George Gipp in the beginning and the Four Horsemen at the end. Three of these teams were undefeated, three others lost but one game. Rockne's teams were again supreme in 1929 and 1930 when he won national championships with undefeated teams. This was the era of Carrideo, Savoldi, Schwartz, Brill, and Mullins. It was also the fabled Rock's last effort, for he died before another season.

Frank Leahy matched his former coach's great efforts when his teams were undefeated from 1946 to 1949 inclusive, running up a string of thirty-six victories with two ties and garnering three national crowns. This was certainly the greatest feat in modern football history and was aided by such all-Americans as Johnny Lujack, George Connor, Leon Hart, and Bill Fischer.

Now what about 1952? For the second year in a row, the University of Notre Dame football team is not being selected to win the national championship prior to the start of the season. There are two reasons for this, according to the folks at South Bend. One is the expected all-around weakness of the Irish line and the other is the most formidable array of opponents ever encountered by a Notre Dame team.

About the latter, Coach Leahy has this to say, "It is the most difficult ever attempted by a Notre Dame squad. Our first two opponents are Pennsylvania and Texas. Penn is rated the best in the East. Texas is as good as there is among the proponents of that very rugged brand of ball played in the Southwest. Pittsburgh had one of the better teams in the country in the latter stages of the 1951 campaign. Purdue came very close to winning the Western conference title a year ago. They will have a fine club directed by Dale Samuels, a name of uphappy memory to Notre Dame football followers. For the past two seasons, our team has been most fortunate to edge by North Carolina 14-7 and 12-7. There is nothing to indicate that this year's contest will not be another close, hard-fought battle.

"There is reason to believe," Coach Leahy continued, "that this is going to be a successful season for the Navy contingent, and our next two opponents, Oklahoma and Michigan State, with their powerful teams, probably will be battling all season for the ranking of the best team in the country. Iowa and Notre Dame played tie games the past two seasons . . . and there is bound to be added spirit and enthusiasm under Iowa's new youthful and capable coach, Forest Evashevski. On the west coast, there are rumors of great credence that Southern California will have one of the powerful Trojan elevens as of old."

For the Irish, only Neil Worden, junior fullback, will be remembered as a familiar face from the offensive lineup that opened a year ago against Indiana. Seven have been graduated. Art Hunter, who started every game as offensive

Fullback Neil Worden

center, has been moved to end. At the guard and tackle positions, constant experimentations, some necessitated by injuries, were made so that no one player enjoyed a first-string status for any great length of time. Burns, at guard, and Barrett, at righthalf, were injured during the season, and their replacements, Tom Seaman (for Burns) and John Lattner, are returning. Lattner was also a defensive regular. All told, thirteen lettermen from the 1951 squad have been graduated.

Thirty-one Lettermen

Statistically, thirty-one monogram winners are returning. But the figure can hardly be used as a barometer, inasmuch as it is one that results from the platoon era of football, and even more important is the fact that the majority had less than 100 minutes of playing time.

On the coaching staff, there has been one change. Bernie Crimmins, who worked with the Irish backfield and particularly with the quarterbacks, has become head coach at Indiana University. His replacement is Johnny Lujack, Notre Dame star of the 1943, 1946, and 1947 seasons, and later of the Chicago Bears.

A capsule summary of the 1952 Notre Dame squad could be: Quite a bit lost, and nothing added. This is true because with freshmen having been eligible a year ago, it will be the same squad minus the graduated seniors.

Another viewpoint of the present Notre Dame gridiron story would be that Coach Leahy and his staff are still trying to rebuild in the wake of the great departure which followed the undefeated, untied national championship season of 1949, when ten of the first eleven and seventeen of the top twenty-two were graduated. There is also a theory in sports that winning teams come in cycles. Notre Dame followers are not unmindful that after the late Knut Rockne's last season (the national championship club of 1930), it was seventeen years—1947—before that winning record was again matched.

Spring practice, confined to twenty sessions, was marked by much bad weather and served mostly to illustrate to the coaching staff the deficiencies that may be expected this fall—especially with reference to offensive line play.

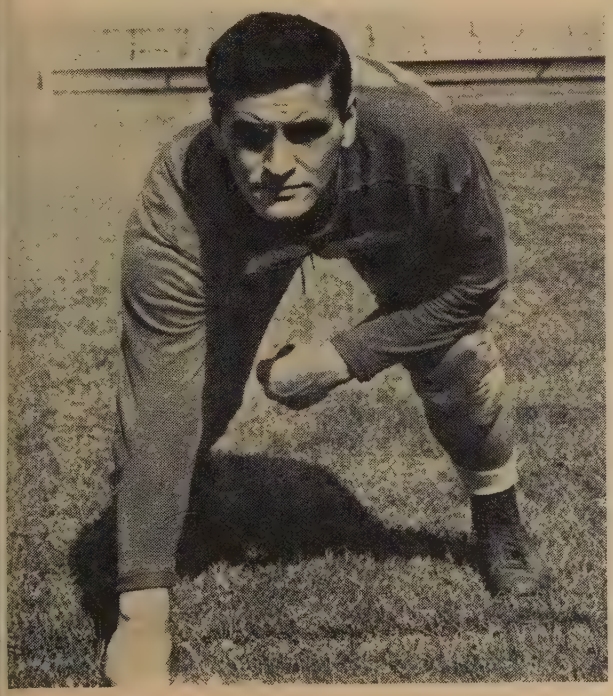
About the team's prospects, Coach Leahy has this to say: "One likes to perceive something on the credit side of the picture, and it could be that our team will show a certain amount of improvement . . . but for the most part, games are won on offense, not defense . . . and we do not have a fast-charging, good-blocking offensive line."

When we started this article about the 1952 football team at Notre Dame, it was not with the idea of painting a gloomy picture for the many followers of the Fighting Irish who are readers of THE SIGN. We are, however, only passing on to you the information as we have received it, and as you can note, it is not overly encouraging. As we write this the season hasn't started however, so why get downhearted before the first defeat or elated before the first victory. Football fortunes at Notre Dame, like everything else at that grand institution, are in safe hands, and the great traditions of the past will be carried forward by today's stars.

Some of those you will be hearing more of are the aforementioned Art Hunter, Menil Mavraides, and Don Penza at the ends; Fred Poehler, Joe Bush, Tom Murphy, and Bob Kelly at the tackles; Captain Jack Alessandrini, Tom Seaman, and Virgil Bardash at the guards; Jim Schrader and Dick Szymanski, at center.

In the backfield, left halfbacks to look for are Joe Heap and Frank Paterra. At right half, take note of Johnny Lattner and Paul Reynolds. At fullback, the outstanding players should be Neil Worden, 187-pound junior who was a regular last year and paced the team in scoring, Dan Shannon, and Tom McHugh. At the important quarterback spot, the emphasis is on youth with Ralph Guglielmi, Tom Carey, and Don Bucci, all sophomores.

Incidentally, did you know that Notre Dame leads the All-American parade? Bob Toneff became Notre Dame's 61st All-American nominee of the "modern era" (1920-51). The Irish lead in selections for this period, followed by Army with 47, Michigan 39, Minnesota 32, Pittsburgh 31, Ohio State 30, California 28, and Pennsylvania 26. Yale still leads the all-time honor roll, with 112 places. Harvard has 91, Princeton 76, Notre Dame 67, Penn 63, Army 58, Michigan 51, Pittsburgh 42, Minnesota 39, Ohio State 35, and California 28. These figures are from the *1952 Official NCAA Football Guide.*



Captain Jack Alessandrini, a guard

Halfback John Lattner plays offense and defense

As if the steel spade were in his own mouth, Jeff felt the cruel pain. He took a quick step—

the RIDE BACK

by HAROLD CHANNING WIRE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM RUTHERFOORD

HALF an hour ago, when the mountain road had crossed an open ridge, Jeff Ryan had stopped his car to look down into a valley that made an emerald green crescent in the bright sun. He had never thought much about it, but once he had heard that the early years of a young man's life leave the deepest marks; that the sights and sounds and people of those times are forever a part of his strongest feeling. With an unexpected lift inside him, the saying had come back in that moment of seeing the Quarter Moon Valley again.

He sat now on the ranch-house porch, and the sudden rush of what he had felt on the ridge was gone. In its place was a growing resentment, hard to explain at first. Listening to Martin Mason, Jeff tried to see what really lay behind the man's talk.

"It's a fair offer, Ryan," Mason was saying. "Twenty thousand dollars, cash, for your land. If you're stalling because of the price, that's as high as I'll go."

Jeff said nothing. He wasn't holding back because of the price. The offer was more than fair. His land, a mile farther on at the head of the valley, wouldn't be worth twenty thousand dollars. Then what else was Mason getting in the deal?

He glanced at the girl, Carol Lee, who sat beside Mason on the long porch seat. "Are you selling out, too?"

Before she could answer, Mason said bluntly, "I don't see how that makes any difference! Carol and I have another arrangement."

He knew Mason and Carol were waiting for an answer. But he looked down at his wrist where a drill had scarred him. He could guess what their "arrangement" was. Mason would marry the girl. She owned this lower part of the valley, since her father's death last year. Throw the two places together, if Mason bought the upper half, and they would have a good ranch.

It was what he would want himself, Jeff knew, if he'd come back with money. Three years ago a winter blizzard killed most of his cattle, then a dry spring brought no grass. His land seemed no longer worth the fight that spring. In a restless urge to get away, he had gone off on a mining venture that didn't pan out.

With a sudden anger he wished he hadn't come back at all, had never seen Carol again. He hadn't wanted to, broke as he was. But her letter, telling him she had a buyer, had said he must come back to locate some boundary posts before the papers were signed.

Had the valley betrayed Jeff, or was the failure his own? A wise girl's summons held the answer

He could still feel the shock of their meeting, only a few minutes ago. She was seventeen when he left. He had remembered her as the freckle-faced, straw-haired girl he had grown up with here in the Quarter-Moon Valley . . . He wasn't prepared for the miracle of what three years could do.

She was standing on the top step of the porch when he drove in and got out of his car. He had stopped dead, his breath caught, hardly able to believe that the lovely, blue-eyed girl with sunny-gold hair was Carol. There was that moment when she gasped: "Jeff," welcoming him with a little gesture of her arms, and he might have dashed on up the stairs to hug her. But then a man pushed through the doorway behind her, saying loudly, "Carol, is this Ryan?"

SHE turned her head. "Yes, Mart. Jeff, this is Martin Mason." So the moment when he might have shown what he felt was lost.

"Well," he heard Mason say briskly, "what's the answer?" And Carol said, "Yes, what is it, Jeff? Don't you want to sell?"

He raised his head to look at her. "It's a good offer, sure—"

"All right then." Mason rose from the bench with a quick impatience. "Let's not waste time. I want to ride up and find those boundary posts before dark." He held out his hand. "Come, Carol."

They had passed a corral shed when Mason suddenly burst out: "Look at that! Guess I'll have to handle that fellow!"

Two saddled horses were standing at a tie-rack. Jeff saw that Luke Cloud was having trouble with a third. Luke was a half Indian who, with his wife Susie, ran the ranch for Carol. The horse was a beautiful bay, but nervous and jumpy, fighting the torment of a spade bit.

Mason dropped his hand from Carol's arm and strode forward. He grabbed the bridle reins from Luke Cloud. With a jerk of his hand he set the bay back on its haunches. "There now!" he said. "You quiet down!"

As if the steel spade were in his own mouth, Jeff felt the cruel pain. He took a quick step—

"No, Jeff!" Carol caught his wrist.

"Mart owns the horse," she said quietly. "He's been keeping it here. It isn't your business." She paused. "You want to sell, don't you? Then why start a fight?"

"I see." He was riled by more than the horse. "The man can do anything because he has the money. You needn't remind me of that!"

"I wasn't reminding you!" She flung his wrist from her, and the quick fire in her eyes was like old times again . . . the battles they used to have, and soon made up. She stared at him "What's the matter with you, Jeff?"

He wanted to tell her, let her know the feeling he'd had from the first moment when he came back. But it was nothing he could put into words. Then Mason was riding toward them, mounted on the bay.

He seemed to sense what had stopped them. He scowled down from the height of his saddle. "You don't like the way I handle a horse, Ryan?"

"No," Jeff said flatly, "I don't."

"So?"

It could come now, Jeff thought. He could tell Mason to take his money and go to the devil. And what good would that do? He shrugged and said, "Your own business, I guess."

By the time they reached a narrow gorge between high rock walls, he knew he would take the offer. It was only good sense. He could do a lot of things with twenty thousand.

The gorge, that he and Carol had always called The Narrows marked the end of her land. His own lay beyond. When they splashed single file up the stream that flowed here, he saw the bay shy nervously in the water, and Mason rake its flanks with the sharp-roweled spurs until they drew blood. Then abruptly the gorge ended. They rode out upon a long curving meadow, light green of its grass against the darker slopes of pine. Jeff followed it with his eyes, the whole length, slowly. He let his horse drop back until he was riding alone. . . .

The grass was not dead as it had been the spring when he left. Alders and birches swayed green and gold along the creek banks. Looking at the creek, it seemed strange that what came to him now were things far back in time. He remembered the boy—himself—who used to fish for trout in the quiet pools of that stream, lying contented, watching the trees and water, whether he caught anything or not.

In another moment the low log-and-plank building came into sight off in a cove of the pine trees. It looked run-down and deserted. The orchard beside it showed gnarled, barren limbs. His father had built that house and planted that orchard, and his mother had helped him in both. They had pioneered this land and loved it. He himself had been born and raised here. . . .

The truth of what he had first felt today came flooding upon him. Everything good that he could remember had happened here in this valley. It was the only place he would ever call home.

Riding slowly, Jeff could see the mistake he had made. The land had not seemed worth the fight three years ago. But he had done no better by leaving it. Then, looking ahead toward Carol, he knew that he had thrown away more than the years.

She was holding her horse in a little, waiting for him. When he caught up with her, and she asked, "Remember anything, Jeff?" it was as if she had read his mind.

He grinned at her. "Sure. I remember you were a freckle-faced kid with hair like frazzled rope!"

She nodded. "I guess that's right."

"You've changed though, Carol," he said in a moment. "Changed a lot."

She brought her eyes back to him.

The gorge marked the end of Carol's land. His own lay beyond

Jeff had stopped his car to look down into a valley that made an emerald green crescent in the bright sun

"What about you, Jeff? Have you got what you wanted when you went away?"

"What did I want?"

"Money. Wasn't that it?"

"You can see the answer to that."

"Then it's still what you want, isn't it?" she said.

He couldn't see where she was leading. "Why not?" he asked. "It's pretty good stuff to have around."

"Then I'm glad I found a buyer for you, Jeff." She looked away again.

"Sure," he said. "Mason can have a good ranch here, can't he . . . along with your place, too."

She faced him sharply. "Yes, it *could* be a good ranch . . . with work, it could. Rebuild the ditches, for one thing, and water the orchard, and fix up the house. But Mart isn't a rancher, not your kind anyway."

"I know it," Jeff said. "So what's the deal?"

"He's going to build a dam . . . a big one . . . down in The Narrows. This will be a lake. A guest resort, sort of, but only for—"

"You mean flood all this!" Jeff broke in.

"Flood it, of course." She peered at him. "Isn't that what a lake usually does? It floods things. It will make a fine place for his eastern friends, Mart says. He'll have riding stock down in my pasture, fishing up here."

"But, Carol—" A shocked feeling hit him. "This land . . . the house—" He groped for what he was trying to say.

"What of it?" she asked. A sudden force rose into her voice. "What do you care! You weren't coming back to it. Now you're being paid a good price, more than good. You'll have your money. What do you care after that!"

Ahead of them, he saw Mason abruptly whirl the bay and come back toward them. Carol's voice had been loud; he must have heard it. He pivoted the bay between them, and there was an annoyed scowl on his face.

"Anything wrong, Carol?"

"Why, no," she said. "Nothing, Mart."

"She was telling me," Jeff said, "that you plan to flood this valley."

"Carol, we weren't going to talk—" Mason checked himself. "All right." He gave Jeff a careful look. "That's it. It's the water and location I'm buying. And I'm paying plenty. Make any difference to you?"

Jeff shrugged. "I was born and raised here, that's all," he said and let it drop. The man wouldn't understand.

"Of course," Mason said wisely, "you can pick up twenty thousand dollars any time."

A corner post of his land was somewhere up the slope. He saw that underbrush had grown tall in the past three years, so Carol might not have found it alone.

The bay reared back as they approached the noise of the waterfall, and he and Carol were first to reach the pool. Jeff swung down, slipped off the bridle of his mount, and hers, to let them drink. Then he looked around and saw Mason.

The man was off now. Still holding the reins, he was trying to jerk the bay forward with a savagery that sent a boiling heat into Jeff's blood.

He started toward Mason. "Take off that bridle and put on your rope!"

Mason dropped the reins and the bay stood anchored. He took a quick step, suddenly red-faced and close to violence.

"You telling me what to do?" he demanded. "Ryan, I've had enough of this! All I've done is make you an offer for your land. If it's a fight you want, you'll get it. But are you selling to me or not?"

All of Jeff's pent-up feeling, the strength of what he had found today and his dislike for the man, flared in him blindly. Like some voice not his own he heard the exploding answer: "Not in a thousand years! Not to you or anyone!"

Mason glared at him. "I see. So I've only been wasting my time." He stepped back, picked up his reins and threw himself onto the horse. It wasn't until he had wheeled away that Jeff was aware of Carol.

He heard her behind him and turned and saw that she was crying, holding her hands to her face.

Stooping quickly, he caught up his bridle. "I'm sorry, Carol. I'll bring him back."

"No, Jeff!" She dropped her hands. "But if I spoil the sale, I've spoiled everything for you, Carol—"

"No, that isn't it," she cried. "Oh, Jeff, how can you be so stupid! Why do you think I asked you to come back? To find the boundary posts? I know them by heart! I wanted you to ride up here again . . . to see your place . . . and . . . and me!"

"But Mason," he said, "weren't you going to marry the guy?"

"He hoped so. I was only leasing my part of the valley to him." Quickly she wiped a sleeve across her eyes, and then she was softly smiling. "Who is it I've been in love with, Jeff, all my life?"

"Carol—" He checked his rush of feeling. "It will be starting all over again. I've nothing—"

"As if that matters! What must I do? Throw myself into your arms?"

She didn't need to. In a great surge of relief, he held her close; and it was a long time before he looked into the valley again. Shadows had crept from the western peaks. Yet the sun still came through a notch in the range, and like an omen, it seemed to him, his home-place in the distant forest cove was flooded in a golden light.

Politicians know we fall for promises

How IMPORTANT are PROMISES?

In making a promise, one incurs a debt that must be fulfilled just as though it were a legal contract

by **E. BOYD BARRETT**

WE are enticed by promises. We fall for them fairly easily. Politicians know it. Advertisers know it. The slick salesman, with his "Wonder Car Polish," knows it and guarantees marvelous results. As shrewd old Samuel Johnson wrote two hundred years ago: "Promise, large promise, is the soul of an advertisement." The rosier the promise, the stronger the allure. A good promise delights us. But what of the ancient proverb: "Fair words make fools merry."

The influence that promises exercise upon us—the notable part they play in our lives—is food for thought and sometimes we reflect upon it. Mostly we do so in a mood of annoyance at some new disillusionment, some fresh disappointment over a broken pledge. When "let down" by a dishonest trader or a faithless friend, we ponder with bitterness over the treachery of our fellow men and over our own credulity. It is then we complain: "Promises are the pitfalls of fools!"

Many of us, in fact (very nearly all of us), are prone to promise lightly. We promise without paying due attention to what, precisely, we are promising, and without forethought about the difficulties of fulfillment. We promise too hastily; we make too many promises. With suspect generosity we cry: "I'll do it for you!"; "I'll give it to you!" We find it easy to promise as we cull an immediate reward of appreciation in the other's eyes. We are never so resourceless (or so miserly) as not to be able to promise something. "He is poor indeed," says a proverb, "who can promise nothing!"

The consequence of our spendthrift promising is foreseeable. "He who promises runs into debt," teaches the Talmud. Our promises pile up. Soon we lose account of them; "apt to promise, apt to forget." Lo! a hundred and one things that we are pledged to do! Bankruptcy of honor faces us, for we cannot make good our word.

The only honest way to look upon a promise is to regard it as a debt—a debt of honor, of justice, and of brotherhood. A promise is an I.O.U., whether written on paper or in the heart. Whatever the promise may be—whether to repay a loan, to write a letter, to repair a child's toy—it is an obligation that should haunt us until made good.

In promise-breaking there is an element of cheating. Even though one makes a promise in good faith, intending to keep it, one defrauds the promisee by withholding what was promised. One snatches back, as it were, what was handed over by word of mouth. One lies, too, in so far as one says one thing with the lips and another by one's deed.

A man's self-respect, his integrity, and the trust others have in him cannot long survive the practice of deception inherent in promise-breaking. The man "who is always breaking his word" lives on the skid row of morality. Those who need help give him a wide berth. What can they expect of him but "fair words?" "Fair words fat few." The excuses he makes for not fulfilling his pledges are seen worn out through overuse. No one believes in them. He indeed cuts a poor figure in life who attempts to get by without fidelity. The man who breaks his promises breaks himself.

Next, we inquire about the effects on others of our false and empty promises.

We never can tell how important to another the keeping of some promise we make may be. Though insignificant in our eyes, it may be a matter of great moment in the eyes of the other.

A district nurse told me, one time, how she had promised to visit a sick woman on a certain day. She failed to do so, but turned up on the following day to hear a tale of woe. "Nurse! I didn't think you ever would treat me like that! All day I was expecting you—and I was so ill! All night I've been awake wondering how you could let me down!"

PEOPLE in trouble, people who are in bad health, and above all little children are exceedingly sensitive to the promises made to them, and, in their cases, anything but perfect fidelity is very cruel. If we promise to find a job for a man, who for example has a family to support, it is a bitter and humiliating blow to him if we fail him.

The more we probe into the nature and significance of promises, the better

we understand the closeness there is between charity and fidelity. Fidelity goes to the very heart of religion. "It is under the form of our neighbor," wrote Abbot Columba Marmion, "that God presents Himself to us here below." In effect the promise, be it large or small, that we make to a neighbor, we make to God. The twenty dollar loan we promise to repay to a friend at

We sometimes promise to get the immediate appreciation

the end of the month is awaited, not by him alone, but equally by God.

When children are still in their early teens, parents complain that they are unreliable, that they cannot depend upon them. Later, when they leave home, as young men and women, parents complain of their forgetfulness and neglect. Letters and visits are few; and contact with home is minimal. What lies at the root of this apparent unfaithfulness in the young?

Are not parents (and teachers) largely to blame for shortsightedness in the training they give? What pains do parents take, when their children are young and docile, to instill into their minds the lesson of fidelity, by teaching them to keep their promises? Parents (and teachers) should realize that *an absolute must in the upbringing of children is to teach them that promises are important; that they are debts; and that honorable debts should always be paid.*

How are we to change ourselves from *promisers* into *promise-keepers?* What is the art, what the virtue of fidelity? If we want to become promise-keepers, the first step we must take is obvious.

Armed with paper and pen we should write down a list of all our outstanding, unfulfilled promises.

Next, we should shorten our list to such items as we can fulfill without burdening ourselves excessively, and, promptly, fulfill them. The other, the too difficult items, we should consign to oblivion with a humble expression of *mea culpa.*

The next step in becoming promise-keepers is to take thought about, and plan out our future conduct regarding promises. And here we need to have and to follow certain rules.

(A) *Make few promises.* Rousseau said wisely: "He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance."

(B) *Only promise what is well within your power to accomplish;* and it is best to underestimate your powers.

(C) *Let your promise be very definite,* in respect of quantity, time, place, or other circumstances—always promising less rather than more.

(D) *Never promise when emotionally stirred or disturbed;* don't make a promise when angry, or when under the influence of good or bad news.

(E) *Only promise what is good*—or at least better than its opposite—and only promise for a good motive, and with full freedom.

(F) *In promising have a deep and serious purpose to fulfill,* and to do so as promptly as circumstances allow.

Most of us feel unhappy about the suffering, annoyance, and disappointment we cause by our promise-breaking ways, and will find no little satisfaction in "cleaning the slate" once and for all, and in keeping clear of infidelities in the future.

WHAT about the young, if it be our duty to take part in their training? What principles should guide us in teaching them to keep their promises?

First, it will be noticed, that most children are eager to promise this or that in order to please their elders and to win their praise. Children should be discouraged from making promises and should be shown that *merit lies in doing things rather than in promising to do them.* They should be taught to employ the word *promise* with care and in a serious way.

Second, as implied in the rules given above, the promises that a child is allowed or asked to make should be very easy and very definite. It is unwise to say to a child: "Promise me you will always be good!" That is to ask for an informal vow of perfection. It should be enough to ask a child to promise to be good at Holy Mass or while saying his night prayers—and *to really mean what he is promising.*

Third, sentiment should not be introduced into a child's promise-making. Sentiment implies a kind of emotional coercion, whereas promises should be cool and free. A mother who says: "If you love me promise never to . . . " is acting foolishly. Sillier still would she be to say: "Promise me you will always love me!" Why call for a vague, unintelligible pledge from a child?

In the matter of excuses, when the promise a child made is not kept, parents and teachers should be tolerant and good-tempered. They should not expect too much (nor, of course, too little) from a child, and if an excuse is fairly reasonable it should be accepted. But when a child offers silly and empty excuses for omitting to perform a task he has freely undertaken, it should be explained to him that a debt unpaid remains due.

As an illustration of fidelity of purpose, there is nothing finer in literature, nothing that reveals more dramatically the triumph and glory of an undertaking fulfilled, than the heroic ride, astride his gallant horse Roland, of the Unknown One who "brought the good news from Ghent." As he galloped in mad haste through the night, his companions fell out, first Dirck and later Joris, but "still there was time." Roland, "with nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim," kept the great pace, his hoofs beating time, to the thought in his master's mind: "I'll do it!", "I'll do it!" On and on they raced—resolute

Children should not be asked to make vague promises

though exhausted—"Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood." They had made it! A promise was kept: a city was saved!

As we remarked above, the deeper meaning of promise-keeping is the law of brotherhood, the law of love. "Love," Abbot Columba Marmion reminds us, "is the source of life." Love of our neighbor bids us to be faithful in all our dealings with him; in all our promises. And this is the better life.

Brooklyn's Chaplain of the Sea

Father Farrell has made the Catholic Seamen's Institute of Brooklyn home to many sailors

by GLENN D. KITTLER

THE seaman hesitated at the door of the strange looking building on the Brooklyn waterfront. It looked like a church, and yet a ship's mast towered above the roof and colorful code-flags fluttered in the wind.

Suddenly a window was thrown open and the huge hulk of a man appeared. "Climb aboard and splice the main brace," he called—which is maritime language for "come in and have a beer."

The seaman grinned. He knew he was at the right place. "Thank you, Father Bill," he said, and he hurried inside.

And so it has been for twelve years. The Catholic Seamen's Institute of Brooklyn and Father William J. Farrell, its 350-pound Director, have become as well known to men of the sea as Sandy Hook and the Statue of Liberty.

To thousands of seamen, the Institute is home. To them, Father Bill is as close a friend as their home town pastor. But there is something special about Father Bill: at heart, he too is a man of the sea.

The son of Irish parents, Father Bill was born and raised in Brooklyn. He first met ships as a boy in a Brooklyn park where men sailed models on a pond. His greatest thrill then was the privilege of waxing the chords and bottoms of the expensive miniatures. His first job was as deck hand on a ferryboat. As a seminarian, he earned his tuition as sacristan on ocean liners. Soon after his ordination, he served as chaplain on luxury cruises.

Therefore, he was delighted twelve years ago when Archbishop Thomas E. Molloy appointed him the Brooklyn port chaplain. Since then, seamen of the world have been equally delighted.

The gratitude of a Belgian seaman goes back to Father's early days at the Institute. Then seventeen, the Belgian was a mess boy on a ship en route to the United States when it was torpedoed by Nazis. All hands were lost except the six men who escaped in a lifeboat.

For a week, the small boat was tossed about by storms on the wintry Atlantic. At last, a Dutch ship spotted the survivors and rescued them. But that night the Dutch ship was torpedoed. Days passed before a Finnish freighter, en route to Norfolk, picked up the men.

"The kid had tough luck," Father Bill recalled. "Before the ship reached port, Finland joined forces with Germany. That made the ship an enemy vessel. When she arrived in Norfolk, she was confiscated and the crew was arrested. That's when I first heard of the kid."

Father Bill took over. The Belgian consul obtained releases for the six survivors and arranged for them to sign on with British ships.

"But I thought the kid had gone through enough," Father Bill said. "I wanted to keep an eye on him."

Through friends in the seamen's union, Father got the boy on an American ship. "And now," Father told him, "you're going to save your money so you can help your family after the war."

After each trip, the youngster brought Father his pay envelope. Father banked most of it, granting the boy the small allowance he needed. The Belgian's mother had disappeared from their home near Liege, and his brother was drafted into the German army. Father wrote Church leaders in Europe and was able to locate both.

When the war ended, the youngster returned to the Institute. "I want to go home to help my family, but I don't want to remain there," he told Father. "I want to be an American so I can stay near you. Can you arrange that?"

The priest's chubby face grinned with pleasure. "We'll see what we can do," he said.

And he did it. These days, the boy is virtually an Institute resident when his ship is in port.

Facilities of the Institute are free to seamen; food and drinks are sold at cost. At Christmas, New Year's Eve, Easter, and Thanksgiving, the doors are thrown open and everything is on the house. During the war, Father invited Brooklyn girls to act as hostesses at Institute dances, and the project proved so successful that he has kept it up.

"Sometimes I think this place is a marriage bureau," Father said. "We don't allow the men to escort the girls home, but it's all right if a man wants to visit the girl's family later. If the folks like him, then it's okay with us if they start dating each other. We've had dozens of marriages here that began that way."

As a priest, Father is most concerned with the spiritual needs of the men. And he meets this challenge successfully because he always lets the men take the first step in discussing their spiritual problems.

"When a man comes in from two months at sea, he wants to relax," Father said. "He wants a good meal, a couple of beers, and maybe somebody to dance with. When all that is taken care of, he is ready to get down to business."

Confessions are heard at any time. Mass and novenas are well attended, and the door to Father's office is always opened to any man who just wants to talk.

The Catholic Seamen's Institute of Brooklyn is part of a world organization called the Catholic Apostleship of the Sea. Almost every major port has a similar headquarters for Catholic seamen, and non-Catholics are equally welcome. There are fourteen such Institutes in the United States, but none as elaborate or famous as Father Bill's.

Though united in their efforts, the various institutes function independently and under the jurisdiction of the local bishop. However, their cooperation is as broad as the seas they serve.

Recently, Father Ignatius D'Souza, port chaplain of Bombay, India, arrived in Brooklyn to study Father Bill's methods.

"The first thing he had to learn was how to raise money," said Father Bill.

GLENN D. KITTLER, associate editor of *Coronet*, has published articles in many leading publications.

Father William J. Farrell surrounded by a group of sailors at Seamen's Institute

"I am what might be called an ecclesiastical panhandler."

To raise funds to operate the Institute, Father appeals to Brooklyn businessmen and pastors. He also heads a group called the Rudder Club, an organization of a thousand men in the maritime business, which donates about $15,000 a year to the Institute. Rudder Club members visit the Institute daily to offer their services.

Also, when Father D'Souza said he needed trained nuns to operate a hospital near Bombay, Father Bill arranged with an American Order to send nuns to India to train postulants.

Port chaplains from around the world have visited Father Bill, and he regrets that he cannot spare time to return their calls. His day begins with Mass at 7 A. M., and does not end until the last seaman decides to return to his ship, often long past midnight. All day, Father walks the Brooklyn piers, boarding ships to meet the crews and learn what he can do for them.

A tremendously heavy man, Father says, "I admit to 350 pounds. The rest, I don't count."

But his weight, his husky voice, his quick wit, and his restless mind are weapons with which he wins men. They razz him about his size and tease about his oblique jokes, but Father knows men do this only with people they like, and so he is a happy victim of their barbed humor.

In twelve years, there have been only two fights between men in the Institute. Neither of these actually erupted because each time Father appeared at the door, seemed to increase in size, and then threatened: "Anybody looking for a fight?" That was always enough to halt any action.

Other Brooklyn priests know of Father's work, and they learned from him what the sea can do to a man. Some months ago, one of them telephoned him.

"I'm having trouble with a boy in my parish," he said. "I think he can use a little sea life. What do you think?"

Father Bill agreed. "Send the kid over," he said.

Adopting a first mate's growl, Father loudly berated the boy for the trouble he caused at home and school. Then he practically ordered the boy to sign on a ship as mess boy. Before the ship left, Father called in the boatswain's mate who would be the boy's superior.

"He needs discipline," Father said.

Each time the ship returned to Brooklyn, Father received two reports: one from the boatswain's mate who laughingly told of the rough treatment he gave the youngster, and the other from the boy himself who complained loudly of the slavedom of his life at sea.

"Actually, I couldn't force the kid to remain aboard," Father said, "but the fact that he stayed on assured me that something was happening inside him."

Without telling anyone, the boy began studying maritime laws and shipping regulations. On his own, he took examinations and won promotions. The end of the story occurred recently in San Francisco.

When working closely with the Navy, Merchant Marine vessels fly the flag from the stern, and men must salute it when boarding or leaving the ship. The tough boatswain's mate had signed on with a ship heading for Korea. From habit, he climbed aboard and was about to go to his quarters when he heard a stern voice bark:

"What's the matter, Mate? Don't you know enough to salute the flag?"

Stunned, he turned to the man who spoke. It was the kid from Brooklyn: he had worked himself up through the ranks to become Third Officer of an important ship. Surprised, the boatswain moved forward to shake hands.

"Salute that flag before you take another step!" the young officer commanded. Meekly, the man saluted. He then looked around to be met by a broad, triumphant grin, an extended hand, and: "Glad to have you aboard!"

Such events convince Father Bill that the sea is a great moulder of men. "The day of the seafaring bum is gone," he said. "It is a profession now, attracting the finest of men and offering the best opportunities." Therefore, Father encourages the young men he knows to sample sea life before entering some landlubber's career.

But there is another reason why Father Bill loves the sea. He said:

"You never find any atheists at sea. When a man is out there, so near to the stars and the moon and all that ocean, he believes in God. He can't help it. He realizes what a big, magnificent world this is, and his faith becomes such a living thing that he can actually feel it warming him as he stands guard on a cold night. There's no mystery about why men love the sea: it brings them closer to God."

There is also no mystery, then, why Father Bill loves his work. Though he is "beached" now because of his job, part of him is aboard every ship that steams down the bay. He watches with almost nostalgic envy the departing men who soon are once again to know the sudden warmth of God's nearness on a cold night at sea.

The Helpless Helper

by
JOHN MALONEY

Miss Mary Virginia Merrick pictured at a recent dedication

An invalid since she was fourteen, Miss Merrick founded the Christ Child Society in Washington, D. C., and still directs it

SIXTY-SEVEN years ago, fourteen-year-old Mary Virginia Merrick was leaning out the window of a playhouse her father, a wealthy Washington, D. C., lawyer, had built for his seven daughters on the grounds of their summer home at Ellicott City, Maryland. Suddenly she slipped and fell. When the family physician arrived he found her back was broken. Later Baltimore and Philadelphia doctors tried to help, but shook their heads.

"No hope," they said. "She'll be helpless for life."

The story of Mary Virginia Merrick since that time seems one of the near-miracles of this century. Now eighty-one, she is founder and still the guiding spirit behind the Catholic Christ Child Society with branches in thirty-nine American cities and The Hague, Holland. She's considered one of the most effective charity fund raisers in Washington and an outstanding authority on community social work, yet she has spent her entire life since that accident either in bed or in a wheelchair, completely paralyzed from the waist down.

Today Miss Merrick weighs less than eighty pounds. Her upper body is encased in an aluminum jacket with an extending support for her head. Except for extremely capable but nervous hands, she is, as specialists prophesied, completely helpless. But despite age and physical limitations, she still actively directs the Christ Child Society and all its widely varied activities, presides at meetings of a 46-member board of directors in her living room, supervises the purchase of everything from quarter-million-dollar real estate to rubber bands or medical supplies, and personally persuades Washington's outstanding businessmen to aid in fund raising—then charges them for the privilege of doing it!

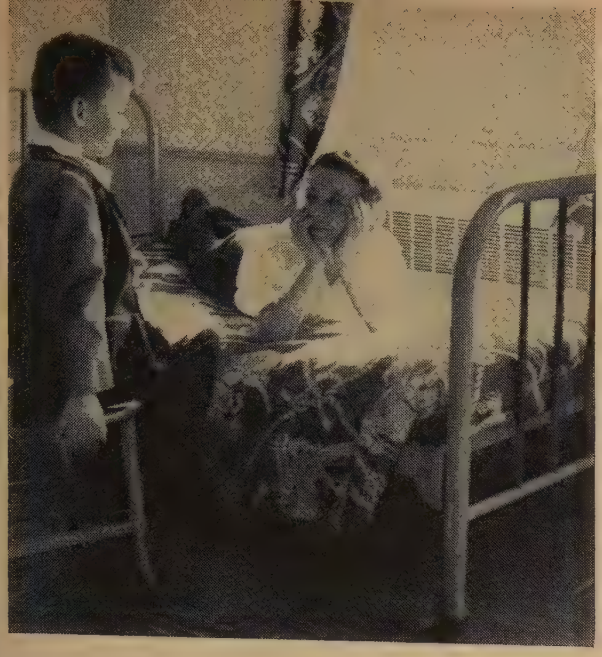
Because of her love and compassion for underprivileged children, thousands of city youngsters have gained their first glimpses of woods and meadows and sparkling streams through camps sponsored by the Christ Child Society. On a Christ Child convalescent farm just outside Washington, two thousand children of many creeds and backgrounds have recovered from long and often-crippling illnesses in homelike surroundings. Thousands of newborn babies have been clothed from layettes made by Christ Child volunteers inspired by Miss Merrick's example. And from Boston to California other thousands of boys and girls have found wholesome recreation and vocational guidance in clubs and neighborhood houses established by local groups through this "helpless" invalid's leadership.

It's hard to say when the story of Miss Merrick and her Christ Child Society began. It probably was on a cold New Year's Day when Mary Virginia was twelve years old. She was walking down Washington's F Street when she saw another little girl selling pencils and shoestrings on a corner. Her toes were sticking out of worn shoes, and she had only a ragged plaid shawl around her shoulders.

"Aren't you cold?" Mary Virginia asked. "My feet are," the waif answered. Straight away, Mary Virginia took the girl home with her and impulsively gave her the first pair of shoes she could find that fitted.

Unfortunately, the shoes she gave away were a younger sister's Sunday best that she had planned to wear to a party that very evening. But their mother was understanding. Mary Virginia's only punishment was that she had to stay home to entertain the little sister who had no shoes for the party.

Mrs. Merrick, like most mothers of that day, taught her daughters to sew. After the accident, to keep Mary Virginia company, her teen-age friends brought their sewing and sat by her



At "Happy Home" children receive the best of medical care regardless of the illness

The new 50-bed building has all the latest facilities and a trained full-time staff

bed. She sewed, too, lying on her back with her hands held above her head. This was before charity was organized, and the poor were in every alley behind every fine Washington home. The girls made layettes and other clothing for children, and a kind French woman who owned a lace shop in downtown Washington distributed them where she knew they were needed.

When the group's output increased, Mr. Merrick hired an errand boy to help them. By chance, Mary Virginia discovered the youngster was expecting no Christmas gifts because his family was too poor.

"Why don't you write to the Christ Child?" the invalid girl suggested. The boy was puzzled. "Who's He?" he asked. Mary Virginia thought for a moment. "The Giver of all good gifts," she said.

Next day the boy brought eighteen letters—his and seventeen others from destitute children he knew. Mary Virginia distributed the letters among her friends, and every child's wish was fulfilled. And this, too, was one of the major steps toward formal organization of the Christ Child Society.

Today the seventeen hundred women members of Washington's branch of the society still make layettes for poor children—and pay $1 a year for the privilege of doing it. And each Christ Child member must also agree to accept a Christmas letter from some poor child and answer it with gifts. The Washington group's work is duplicated in each of the thirty-nine other branches throughout the country, in addition to more fundamental work they are doing.

Three years after the sewing circle was started, someone brought a destitute, sickly child into Mary Virginia's room. "She needs the country," the crippled girl said, remembering her happy days at Ellicott City. She appealed to a few friends and the child was sent to a farmhouse outside Washington for the summer.

Volunteer workers help with the recreation program in spare time

By the next summer, members of Mary Virginia's bedside group, at her prompting, had found twelve other children who needed country air. An appeal for funds went out from her sickroom, and among others, the wife of President William Henry Harrison answered with twenty-five dollars. Penny banks were placed in grocery stores and friends' homes, and girls from the sewing circle rattled tin cans on street corners. The third year, money was found to rent a house and farm near Rockville, Maryland, and thirty-three children were given a healthy vacation.

In 1885, Mary Virginia formally organized her group as the Christ Child Society. There was a formal constitution, but the basic idea was simple: Find a need, then fill it. And that year, too, tragedy struck Miss Merrick's home. Her mother and father died only ten days apart, and this young lady was made guardian for her young family—six girls and one boy. Fortunately, her father left a comfortable fortune and Miss Merrick was able to carry on her work for poor children. In 1903, the Christ Child Society was incorporated in the District of Columbia.

About this time, a group of skilled Italians were imported to work on Washington's monumental Union Station. Other workmen were prejudiced against them; they were dark, and people whispered they only came here to get American money to take home. They lived in squalid alleys near the Capitol, aliens in an unfriendly land. Miss Merrick heard of their plight and promptly rented a little yellow house near-by where the artisans' wives came to sew, to learn English, and to understand American ways.

This was one of nine community centers the society eventually sponsored—the first of their kind in Washington. Miss Merrick had her helpers look for the most miserable alleys in town, then started work there. One thought was behind it all: "The motive and spirit of the work shall be a personal love of Christ expressing itself through service to children regardless of sex, race, or creed, to honor the childhood of Christ."

As the work expanded, Miss Merrick found she needed help in business management. She called in thirty business men "for advice" and outlined needs for a boys' camp. Before they left she not only got promises of co-operation, but each "adviser" left twenty-five dollars with her to start the camp fund rolling. The results are the Merrick Boys' Camp at Nanjemoy, Maryland, where five hundred city boys get a taste of country life each year, and the Merrick Girls' Camp near Annapolis, caring for two hundred girls.

THE Christ Child Convalescent Farm is an outgrowth of the Rockville home and farm which the society later purchased. Volunteer workers had taken children there from Washington hospitals for convalescence when homes were not suitable or where working parents could not give them necessary attention. At first this was for summer months only. But Washington pediatricians, realizing its usefulness, begged Miss Merrick to make it a year-round undertaking, promising free services and financial help. And to Miss Merrick, to see the need was to fill it. The Farm—the children themselves first called it "Happy Home"—became a Washington institution. It still is the only one of its kind in the metropolitan area.

Because "Happy Home" is a frame building, public health authorities last year condemned it for this use. Undaunted, Miss Merrick promptly arranged to sell the farm for a handsome profit, then began plans for a 50-bed, $400,000 home to replace it. "Where will we get the money?" one timid board member asked. "The Christ Child will provide," Miss Merrick confidently replied. So they went ahead and built the new building.

Washington's Community Chest now pays "Happy Home" staff salaries, but operating costs largely are covered by sales from the "Opportunity Shop" which Christ Child volunteers operate on Georgetown's Wisconsin Avenue. There wives of Cabinet members, booklovers, and college students browse and buy anything in donated second-hand goods, from a stuffed moose head to plated silver and fur coats. Christ Child friends donate a wide variety of salable goods. In one week, salesladies sold a pair of love birds, a grand piano, a famed Civil War general's saddle blanket, and enough assorted books to fill two hundred feet of shelf space in a Washington lobbyist's rented mansion. Recently a *Washington Post* reporter laid his hat on the counter while interviewing workers. When he turned to go his hat had been converted into "Happy Home" funds!

AS Washington became interested in its needy poor, other organizations started neighborhood projects and finally the Community Chest was organized. Then it was decided to merge the nine settlement houses into one. A city-wide survey led to a run-down location behind the Capitol on Massachusetts Avenue, northeast. With characteristic ambition, Miss Merrick wanted a well-equipped building that would fill a variety of needs—for mothers, too, as well as boys and girls. She asked her board to sell the small houses, then raise $200,000 additional to build a model Christ Child Settlement House. Sale of all the houses again yielded profits, and today the settlement house is a worthy monument to Miss Merrick's determination.

The building houses a modern gymnasium, sewing rooms, a Merrick Boys' Club with billiards, pingpong, boxing ring, television, and facilities for teaching printing. There's a kitchen where teen-agers prepare food for their parties, a stage and miniature theater for plays, and a full-time art teacher who has developed surprising talent among youngsters who ordinarily might be classed as "toughs."

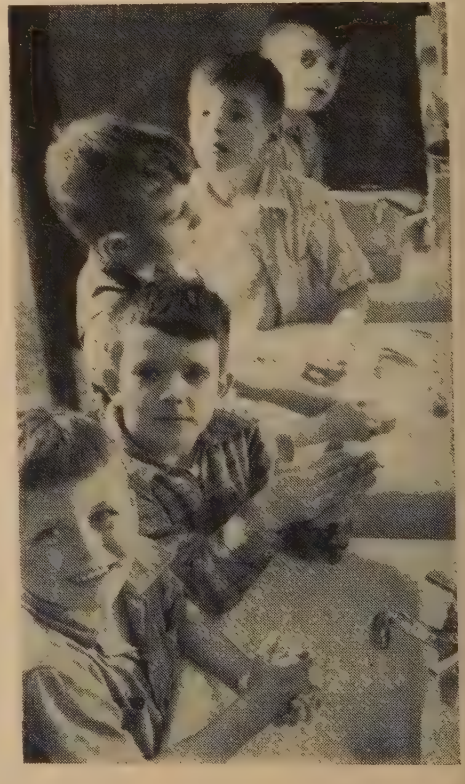
Originally there was no thought of making the Christ Child Society a national organization, but when Washington members—wives of government officials or business people temporarily in Washington—went back home and saw local needs unfilled, they asked Miss Merrick for permission to start branches. "Go to it," the founder said. "Just remember the primary aims we started with, then find your local needs and fill them." And then Miss Merrick advised, "Don't duplicate an existing work."

Christ Child "missionaries" took the work to Brooklyn and New York, to South Bend, Council Bluffs, Detroit, El Paso, San Antonio, and finally to New Mexico and California. Branches were organized in six eastern Catholic colleges, and now the first foreign branch actively is operating in The Hague, sponsored by the wife of an American diplomat. There's a flexible constitution to guide them—Miss Merrick still signs all branch charters—but they purposely are given very free hands in local organization. Semiannual conventions bring volunteer workers together in various cities to discuss mutual problems.

Although all seventeen hundred members of Washington's parent society are active workers, four hundred of them give several hours each week to definite Christ Child work. They make home calls, visit children in four Washington hospitals, take parents for visits with convalescent children at "Happy Home"—thirty members are always on call with their cars—and assist four professional social workers in studying home conditions.

When a board member recently died, Miss Merrick was particularly distressed. "People accuse me of killing off my board members with work," she said to a close friend. "Now, you know that isn't true, is it?"

Some time ago, a New York businessman gave a dinner party at Washington's Statler Hotel. He left the waiter a $50 tip. The surprised man gulped, then told the New Yorker he was going to give it all to the Convalescent Farm because of what it had done for his ten-year-old son. When the customer seemed interested, the waiter told him



JOHN MALONEY has frequently contributed articles to the *Saturday Evening Post* and other leading publications.

more about Miss Merrick and her work. Later the New Yorker drove out to see the Farm, then came by Miss Merrick's home and left a check for $20,000.

In handling funds, Miss Merrick has been known to make Washington bankers long for reinforcements. "She can make a dollar bill stretch until George Washington's wig looks like a paper napkin," one of them told me. "The more formidable the odds, the greater the success she seems to make of whatever she undertakes. From a business standpoint, the Christ Child Society's credit is good in any Washington bank. Somehow, Miss Merrick can always find money for what is needed." And then he laughed. "I should know, for it always costs me money even to call her by telephone!"

Seemingly indefatigable at eighty-one, Miss Merrick's workday would exhaust many able-bodied persons. She's in her wheelchair by 9 A.M., and from that time until 1:30 P.M. her workroom resembles a downtown office. Her sister, Mildred Merrick, who acts as assistant and receptionist, and two secretaries are kept busy at dictation or answering telephones. There's generally a morning committee meeting or a conference with builders or social workers, or Miss Merrick herself is on the telephone persuading someone to take a Scout troop or teach some class at Settlement House.

She takes lunch at 2 P.M., then after a short rest is at it again—interviews, budget planning, or receiving guests that might include a young Polish priest to discuss his translation of Thomas Aquinas or Christ Child workers from Minneapolis or Portland, Oregon. There's generally a string of cars around the old-fashioned but comfortable house in suburban Chevy Chase, Maryland, that reminds one of a tea party. As Miss Mildred puts it, "She works all day, and at night her mind keeps working."

Visitors see a frail wisp of a woman sitting in a padded wheelchair, wearing an old-fashioned, floor-length dress with a knitted shawl over her lap. The hard leather brace can be seen extending up behind her head, and there's an adjustable chin rest to support her head when she gets tired. Her thin hair is gray, knotted in back, but her eyebrows are more black than gray. Strength of her personality shines out through penetrating but soft gray eyes.

Miss Merrick seldom leaves her room more than twice a year, when she visits the Convalescent Farm, one of the camps, or Neighborhood House where devoted youngsters rig a sort of breeches buoy to get her upstairs. But since she can't often go to them, children from the various Christ Child enterprises love to call at the big house on Melrose Avenue and she likes to have them.

Although Miss Merrick has no degrees in social service except an honorary one from Georgetown University, many professional social workers have expressed amazement at her successes. The possibility has even been whispered about that someday she might, as founder of the Christ Child Society, be elevated to sainthood. This may be presumptuous thinking at this time, but her influence has been incalculable. A high church authority recently remarked that there wasn't a Catholic pastor in the thirty-nine cities where Christ Child Societies operate who hasn't felt it.

From any standpoint, the life and work of this woman who started out as a "helpless invalid" are monumental, and the greatest recognition man can confer has come to her. Four Popes have praised her work. Some awards include the Laetare Medal of Notre Dame, considered the highest American distinction a Catholic can receive; the Papal Cross *"Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice,"* awarded to persons "who have signally served their God and their country;" the Cosmopolitan Club award as "Washington's outstanding citizen"—the first woman to be so honored—and the Siena Medal from Siena College as the most outstanding Catholic woman in the United States.

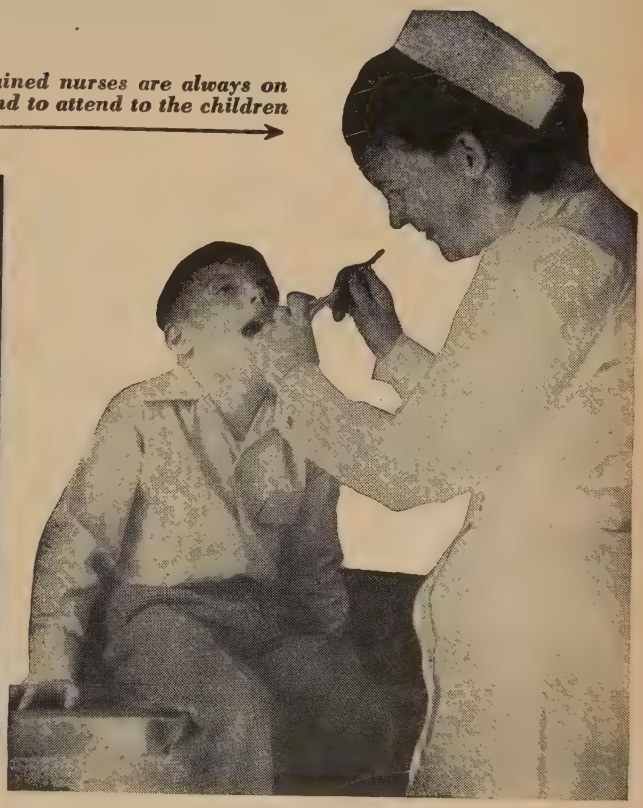
Among Miss Merrick's visitors recently was a past-middle-aged priest who now is an outstanding New England clergyman. "I've waited a long time to thank you," he said. "I was the baby who received the first layette you sewed."

In telling this, Miss Merrick's eyes moistened. "That's the Christ Child's work," she said.

Children are taught good habits, both physical and spiritual, at the Home

The new Christ Child Home outside Washington, where children of all races and creeds are cared for

Trained nurses are always on hand to attend to the children



THE FLIGHT

"This is a stickup," he said in a low voice, just as he had heard it done so often in the movies

The young gunman was desperate and nervous. And the incautious Mr. Murdock was either a fool or a man of great faith

by ***JAMES HEAVEY***

A SHARP knock on the door interrupted Johnny Schmidt in the middle of supper.

"Come in," he called to the visitor whose shadow was visible through the frosted glass of the door. The knob turned and a well-dressed youth walked jauntily into the room.

"Hello Johnny." The visitor looked around him and waved his thumb in the general direction of the closed bedroom door. "How's your mother?" he inquired, making a slightly exaggerated effort to express concern.

"Not too well, Frankie. She had another attack last week but she's getting over it now. Just needs a lot of rest."

Frankie sat down opposite Johnny at the kitchen table and lit a cigarette, throwing the burnt match into the sink.

"Did you bring it?" asked Johnny.

His guest reached into an overcoat pocket and took out a small black object which he placed on the oilcloth surface of the table. It looked like a toy, but Johnny was too old to play with toys.

"Be careful with it," admonished Frankie. "It's loaded. Nice piece of machinery, isn't it?—almost brand new. I paid twenty-five bucks for it, but there's no rush. You can pay me from what you get out of your first job."

Johnny didn't bother examining the gun, but walked over to the wall where his coat was hanging on a nail. He dropped the weapon into a pocket and went back to his seat at the table.

"Are you sure you wouldn't like to come in with us, Johnny? We have a good bunch, and we could use another man."

"No. Frankie, I'd rather be on my own. I know how it is with gangs—if one gets caught everyone winds up in jail."

Frankie didn't stay long and Johnny soon found himself sitting alone in the kitchen.

It was tough on a fellow not old enough to vote to be the sole support of an ailing mother. With medical bills

taking a major portion of his modest earnings. Johnny could no longer make ends meet without dispensing with two meals a day.

Johnny left the house at about nine o'clock that night. He had picked out a small liquor store on First Avenue as the scene of his first job.

It wasn't a bad looking store. At any rate, there were plenty of bottles on display. The owner's name was on the glass in gold letters—P. J. Murdock.

Johnny didn't relish the job before him. Suppose he got caught. What would happen to his mother then? Suppose he shot someone. . . . He thought of taking the bullets out of the gun, but he didn't know how.

He opened the door of the liquor store and walked in. The proprietor was busy arranging bottles on a lower shelf, so Johnny had plenty of time to take the gun out of his pocket and compose his features in an ugly scowl.

"This is a stickup," he said in a low voice, just as he had heard it done so many times in the movies.

The white-haired man crouching behind the counter made no motion to get up, but continued arranging bottles of wine in neat rows.

"Hey, you, this is a stickup," said Johnny in a louder voice.

"I heard you the first time," came the voice from behind the counter. "I'll be with you as soon as I finish this shelf."

"Hurry up," muttered Johnny, who was finding it difficult to keep scowling, seldom having done so before.

MR. MURDOCK stood up and turned around smiling. "What can I do for you?" He seemed not to notice the gun pointing at him.

"I want all the money you've got. Empty the cash register and hand over your wallet."

"I only have a few dollars," said the old man, almost apologetically. "I went to the bank this afternoon and since then I've sold nothing but a few bottles of wine. That's practically all they drink in this neighborhood—wine."

"Quit stalling and hand over everything."

"But you wouldn't even be bothered taking it, it's so little. Only six dollars and some change in the register."

Johnny was beginning to get worried. Maybe the guy set off an alarm and was stalling to hold him there. The gun began to shake in his hand. There must be more than six bucks, he thought. What does he do for change?

Johnny was about to threaten his victim when he heard steps outside the door. Was it a customer—or a cop—or the detectives from the agency? He stuck the gun hastily into his pocket and made a menacing gesture at Mr. Murdock by way of warning him to act as if nothing was the matter. But the proprietor was looking the other way.

A woman walked into the store. She purchased an eighty-nine cent bottle of sherry and paid with fifty cents and a promise. Mr. Murdock inquired as to the health of every member of her family, and the woman left without throwing more than a cursory glance at the nervous youth standing stiffly against the wall.

When she was gone, Mr. Murdock spoke first.

"Don't I see you at church every Sunday?"

"You couldn't," answered Johnny, forgetting for a moment that he was supposed to be holding up a store. "I don't live around here."

"Neither do I. I go to church down at St. Vincent's. I'm sure I know your face from. . . ."

"No you don't! I live in . . . in. . . . What's it your business where I live? What are you driving at, anyway?"

"Nothing—I didn't mean to pry." Mr. Murdock was looking intently at Johnny's worried face. The boy was visibly shaken. He had forgotten to take the gun out of his pocket after the customer's departure.

"I GUESS you really need the money," said Mr. Murdock in his friendly manner. "But it wasn't worth your while coming to this place. Here, take five bucks anyway. Maybe it'll be of some help."

Johnny grew red. "Who do you think you are? I'm no beggar. I never took charity in my life, and I'll be damned if I'll take it now from an old . . . an old whiskey-peddler!" He shouted.

Johnny felt like choking the man, but instead he turned abruptly and strode out the door.

The desperado walked swiftly to the corner and turned down the dark street. He could see the murky river two blocks away and began to run toward it. His quick steps resounded in the deserted street as he flew past the lampposts and fire hydrants and garbage cans which lined the curb.

Why was he running? Johnny didn't know. Nothing was chasing him, except maybe his conscience.

He sped past the playground and clambered onto the footbridge which spans the East River Drive. The cars raced under him as they streaked up and down the speedway. He reached the other side of the little bridge and almost fell as he ran down the steps. He was breathing hard when he stumbled to the railing which lined the waterfront as far as the eye could see.

It stretched before him, the black river which knew so many secrets and was to know one more. He drew the gun from his pocket with a quick motion and hurled it into the darkness with all the strength at his command. He listened for the gun to hit the water, but the blast of a boat's whistle drowned out every other sound as the river protested the insult.

The lights of Welfare Island shone brightly on the other side of the river. They looked closer than usual. Maybe he threw it too far—maybe it landed on the island and would be traced back to him! But now he was being foolish. His arm had never been that strong.

Johnny walked over to a bench and sat down to think, for he had a lot of thinking to do. The cold wind in that unsheltered place pierced him to the bone and made him wonder why the river wasn't frozen. He stuck his hands into his pockets and studied the water. It seemed to be going upstream. What kind of a river was the East River—or was it a river at all? Maybe it was meant to be a grave. . . .

IT was late when Johnny climbed the rickety flights of stairs to his flat, but his mother was awake and called to him from the bedroom.

"Is that you, Johnny?"

"Yeah," he answered. He went in to say good night to her.

"What kept you out so late? I was worried about you."

"I ran into some of the boys and we got talking." He bent and kissed her.

He thought a minute, and then said, "Mom, I've been thinking of taking a part-time job somewhere. A few extra dollars would come in handy."

"Do that, if you like, Johnny. But make sure you don't run yourself down."

"Don't worry, Mom. If I ever get sick it won't be from working too hard."

She laughed a little. Johnny liked to hear her laugh once in a while. She used to laugh so much when Johnny was young and the house was full of people—before Liz got married and Joe got killed in the war and Al joined the Navy and Pop died.

Johnny started to walk out of the room, but paused at the door.

"Mom," he said, "do you know anyone in this neighborhood named Murdock?"

"Oh yes. Mrs. Murdock was a good friend of mine. It must be ten years now since she died. Mr. Murdock was very nice, too. They say he hasn't been right in his head since his wife died—he's always giving things away."

She sighed as memories filled her thoughts. "But I think he's sort of like a saint, even if he does run a liquor store. People just don't understand saints anymore."

THE Sign POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

To Be Discontinued

Just to be sociable, a friend frequently accepts an invitation to non-Catholic services. She claims that because of advanced age, it can do her no harm. How about bad example?—S. H., HIGH POINT, N. C.

The Church's attitude toward the association of Catholics with non-Catholics is conservative, and for a twofold reason—lest the Faith be lost or weakened, and the danger of scandal. The Church cannot legislate otherwise, for whatever endangers the Faith is forbidden by the divine law.

In general, we should distinguish between the association of Catholics and non-Catholics on a so-called civil basis, and in connection with religious matters. Other things being equal, it is permissible that Catholics deal with non-Catholics along civil lines. Not so, however, if any such dealings are fraught with religious danger. On the score of religion, civil relationships are not always neutral. For example, the prospect of bettering his financial interests would not justify a Catholic in becoming a Mason, in entering upon a mixed marriage, or in attending a non-Catholic college—above all if the college be under anti-Catholic auspices. To fraternize socially with non-Catholics, either exclusively or predominantly, is anything but ideal. In the case of young people, it leads to company keeping and at best to mixed marriages within the Church—only too often to marriage outside the Church. A deterioration of Catholic faith and morals, occasioned by inadvisable civil association with non-Catholics, is no mere bugaboo. Although gradual, indirect, and unforeseen, that process of deterioration is exemplified times without number by the half-baked Catholic.

When it comes to the association of Catholics with non-Catholics in the sphere of religious matters, the following distinction makes all the difference in the world. For a sufficient reason, a Catholic may attend a non-Catholic religious service *passively*: he never has a justifiable reason to attend *actively*. The Church's Code of Canon Law declares: Under no circumstances is it permissible for the faithful to actively assist at or take part in non-Catholic religious services. (Canon 1258) Examples of active participation would be a Catholic functioning as godparent at a non-Catholic baptism or as an official witness at a non-Catholic wedding. Canon 2316 declares that whoever knowingly and willingly fosters the spread of heresy, or takes part in religious services in such wise as to conflict with Canon 1258, is suspect of heresy. To take part, actively and officially, in a religious service, is to endorse that religion. The ABC's of logic, as well as Catholic allegiance, dictate that we cannot be *pro* and *con* at the same time, any more than we can play neutral. To give practical recognition to a non-Catholic religion is, to say the least, to imply that the divergence among the churches is a case of much ado about little or nothing.

Merely passive attendance at a non-Catholic service is permissible, as a courtesy, on occasions such as a christening, wedding, or funeral—always under the proviso that there be no danger of perversion or scandal. According to Church law, merely passive and duly safeguarded attendance is only "tolerated." Therefore, your friend is definitely out of order. Her age is no guaranty against the deterioration of her faith, or that "just to be sociable" her passive attendance will not develop into active participation. Hence, the angle of bad example is obvious.

Even the best of friends should respect one anothers' patriotic and religious differences. For an American to salute the flag of another country or to doff his hat during a rendition of that country's national anthem is not to voice allegiance to that country. Courtesy does not demand allegiance. Similarly, while courtesy dictates that we do not condemn non-Catholics or interfere with their freedom of conscience, it does not dictate that we endorse or in any way encourage heresy. Your friend shouldn't be like the girl in *Oklahoma,* who sings: "I just can't say No!"

Free To Remarry?

Two Protestants, married in their church, are now divorced. Can one of them convert to the Catholic Church and marry a Catholic?—M. N., FREEPORT, N. Y.

Regardless of the prospects for the freedom to remarry, the party concerned—if conscientiously convinced as to the Church's position—not only may but should convert to the Church. That opportunity and obligation are quite separable from any marital consideration, and are predominant.

As for remarriage to a Catholic—that depends. Has either of the two Protestants been a recipient of Christian baptism? Or both? Or, on the score of non-baptism, are both pagans? According to the Church's Code of Law, effective as of May 19, 1918, marriages are classified as follows. Whether before a justice of the peace or a minister, marriage between two Catholics is invalid; also between a Catholic and a baptized or an unbaptized non-Catholic—for the obvious reason that, when a Catholic is a party to a marriage, only a priest can have jurisdiction. Whether before a justice of the peace or a minister, marriage between two baptized Protestants is valid and sacramental: hence, there is no loophole for remarriage. Marriage between two non-Catholics—one baptized, the other unbaptized—is valid but is not sacramental. In such a case, one party is a Christian, the other is not: hence, under certain conditions, the Vicar of Christ may exercise his supreme power and dissolve a bond that is merely natural and non-sacramental, granting a privilege for remarriage to a Catholic, known as "In Favor of the Faith." Whether before a justice of the peace or a minister, marriage between two unbaptized non-Catholics is valid, but under certain conditions the merely

natural, non-sacramental bond is soluble by the Vicar of Christ—again in favor of the Faith—conceding to the convert the right to remarry a Catholic according to what is known as the "Pauline Privilege." Investigation as to whether all requisite conditions are verified is a complicated process and the ultimate decision rests with the Holy See.

"Hasten Slowly"

My marriage was a mistake from the beginning. Having given it a good try, I find things worse—hopelessly so. Because of legal involvements, I intend to get a civil divorce. I have no intention of attempting remarriage and know that as a Catholic I can't. Should I get permission from some Church authority before applying for the divorce? From whom? Why?—M. T., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Reading between the lines of your letter, it does seem that you have ample reason for at least a temporary separation from your marriage partner. Seven such cases out of ten would not develop, if engaged couples would but hasten slowly before committing themselves irrevocably to a joint career. Love can be blind, infatuation still more blind. However, for all we know, your case may be one of the three out of ten—as promising as could have been foreseen under the circumstances.

Assuming that you and your consort are hopelessly incompatible, at least for the time being, you should apply to the matrimonial board at the chancery office of your diocese for permission to separate, and for a decision as to the advisability of civil divorce. The Church is the divinely appointed custodian of all the sacraments. Hence, the Code of Canon Law specifies the grounds for separation—both temporary and permanent. If only temporary separation be called for, then there is no ground to institute action for a civil divorce. Even in the case of permanent separation, civil divorce is not permitted by the Church unless that procedure be necessary because of civil involvements, such as property rights, custody of children, or the like. Since divorce leaves the way wide open, civilly, for remarriage, any Catholic litigants must obtain explicit permission from the authorities of the diocese, and state in writing that he has no intention to attempt remarriage. Even temporary separation is so serious a step as to call for calm and mature judgment. The viewpoint of both parties must be considered fairly, and the welfare of children must be assured.

"Quicksand"

What is an occasion of sin? To what extent are we obliged to avoid occasions under pain of sin?—F. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.

An occasion of sin is any person, place, or thing that is contributory, as an influential factor, to the committing of sin. The sinful occasion may beget in a person his original desire and intention to commit sin, or ease the way for sinful conduct toward which a person is already disposed. Workaday examples of persons who are an occasion of sin to others would be business or social companions who deride religion, or make light of Catholic faith and morals; those who encourage birth control or abortion; among children, playmates who are immoral, or given to pilfering, or who manifest a serious disregard for parental authority. Typical places would be questionable theaters, dance halls, beaches, and the like. Things conducive to sin would be sexy pictures, books, and songs.

True—every man, woman, and child is responsible personally for his or her own sins. However, many sins—if not most—are occasioned by other persons or by places and things as telling factors. To the potential sinner, the occasion is the "spark" to what is morally inflammable or explosive. Any person who occasions the sin of another, shares—so to speak—the guilt of the other sinner. But that fact does not cancel the responsibility and guilt of the fool who "skates on thin ice" or plunges into the "quicksand" of a sinful occasion. Knowingly to will the occasion is to assume responsibility for the likely consequences. Hence, we are as obliged to avoid an occasion of sin as the actual sin. This obligation urges in ratio to the gravity of the sin, the likelihood of succumbing to temptation, and the feasibility of avoiding the occasion.

Yes & No

Was Bishop Fulton J. Sheen a Jesuit before becoming an Auxiliary Bishop of New York? I maintain he wasn't because, in my opinion, Jesuits do not attain high office in the Church—having taken a vow of poverty and accepted a life of missionary work.—F. D., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

You are correct and incorrect. His Excellency, Bishop Sheen, was never a Jesuit. His Excellency was originally a diocesan priest of Peoria, Ill. However, it is inaccurate to say that Jesuits cannot and do not attain episcopal rank and jurisdiction in the Church. Actually, there are many Jesuit bishops, especially in missionary countries. Jesuits are dedicated to the apostolate of teaching as much as to that of missionary work. The Holy Father, as Vicar of Christ, may assign any member of a religious order—even a cloistered Trappist or Carthusian—as a successor to the Apostles. In so doing, the Pope functions as the supreme Superior of all religious order priests, and dispenses any previous obligation that would conflict with the episcopal office. Incidentally, it is not precisely correct to refer to an auxiliary bishop as the Auxiliary Bishop of such or such a diocese. Strictly speaking, there is only one bishop of any diocese, only one Shepherd of any given diocesan flock. Hence, an auxiliary bishop is referred to properly as Auxiliary of (or to) the Bishop or Archbishop of this or that diocese—not as (Auxiliary) Bishop of the diocese.

Vocational Outlook

Is there any prospect of admission to convent life for a young woman who is deaf but otherwise acceptable?—W. H., ST. THOMAS, ONT.

Application can be made to the Sisters of Charity of Providence, 3725 St. Denis St., Montreal, P. Q., Canada. This community numbers over forty deaf-mute Sisters.

No Problem

In a recent issue of our diocesan weekly, an article apropos of the so-called "flying saucers" occasioned a statement that other planets may be inhabited, and that even on our planet there may have been human beings who antedated Adam and Eve. Does this not contradict the catechism and the Bible?—C. M., PHILA., PA.

First of all, neither you nor your friend should be upset by the statements made, for even if both statements could be proved true, there would still be no reason for your faith being undermined. Neither supposition ever has been proven, and in all probability neither ever will be. But for the sake of discussion and clarification, let us assume both to be true. All that we have been taught via catechism and Bible refer to the inhabitants of this planet only; and, to the descendants of Adam and Eve only—with the clear understanding that *if* Adam and Eve had human predecessors, they were all extinct by the time that the present human race began. Therefore, there is no conflict with Catholic doctrine—for example, as to the incurrence of original sin by all, inasmuch as all of us stem from Adam and Eve. Hence, Eve is correctly named the "mother of all the living."

Honest

I plan to process, package, and sell a chemical. The process will add nothing to the virtue of the chemical, which can be bought over the counter at any drugstore, but will serve to popularize it. Is it wrong for me to keep secret the process, the reason for it, and to profit by it? The chemical will accomplish what is claimed for it, and people will get their money's worth.—W. C., HALIFAX, N. S.

You do not specify the purpose of your concoction. If intended for internal consumption by or external application to humans, civil law may—or may not—require that you label all the ingredients of your formula. If not, it would seem that you are justified in secretly processing this commonplace ingredient—provided you do not inflate your claim as to its purpose and efficacy. You are entitled to an adequate return for your ingenuity in popularizing what the customer otherwise might be unaware of, or forgetful of, or skeptical about.

Indulgences Alienated

If I lend my indulgenced rosary to someone else, can he gain the indulgences? Must I have the beads indulgenced again for myself personally?—F. H., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

According to Canon Law, the indulgences attached to rosaries, chaplets, and other religious articles cease only when such objects are destroyed or sold. (Canon 924; # 2) Hence, you may lend your rosary or borrow one, without having to have the beads again blessed and indulgenced. You will be interested to know that according to a grant of the Holy See of 1933, rosary indulgences may be gained by a person who, because of manual labor or some other reasonable circumstance, such as illness, cannot hold the rosary in his hand, provided the beads be carried on his person.

"Superiority Complex"

Why do most white people hate the Negro? Is this not a stumbling block for the Negro who would otherwise enter the Church? Is it not sinful?—P. R., ST. INIGOES, MD.

In this country, most white people are not Catholics. But whether Catholic or non-Catholic, most white people—even south of the Mason-Dixon line—do not *hate* the Negro. Many whites, including Catholics, have a superiority complex of a sort toward the Negro, based largely on a want of humility as well as charity, and attributable to a forgetfulness that, were it not for the disposition of Divine Providence, they themselves would be classifiable as "white trash." Objectively, it is only too true that, in many cases, the emancipated American Negro is inferior to his white fellow countrymen and fellow churchmen, as to intelligence, education, religious sense, and so on. But it must be remembered that only nowadays are the American Negro—and the American Indian—beginning to come into their own, and to enjoy opportunity for physical, intellectual, and religious development, of which they have been so long deprived, at least by negative neglect on the part of the white man. But their opportunities will be meager and their progress painfully slow, and it will be many generations before the all but indelible color line will have been erased.

Unquestionably, the best solvent of the color line is Christian charity. Understandably, Negroes will gravitate toward whatever church manifests for them the most Christlike and practical charity. More than most of us realize is being accomplished by the Catholic Church, both for the Negro who has migrated to the North and for those of the deep South. But for the Church in this country, the plight of the Negro still adds up to an emergency that clamors for priests, nuns, and financial backing. Aside from a snobbish disdain for the Negro, a white man's "superiority complex" that spells indifference and neglect can be very sinful. Were it not for the danger of emphasizing segregation within the sphere of religion, it might appeal very much to the colored Catholics were they permitted to worship according to the ancient Ethiopian liturgy of some of their forebears.

Information, Please

Where can I get information about the various communities of Sisters in the U. S.—their work, requirements, etc.?—J. L., STEVENS PT., WIS.

In reply to numerous requests for information along these lines, we recommend *A Guide to the Catholic Sisterhoods in the United States,* by the Rev. Thomas McCarthy, C.S.V. This directory covers over 300 sisterhoods, sketching purpose, history, qualifications of candidates, where to apply for admission, and so on. Obtainable at $1.50 from the Catholic University of America Press, Washington 17, D. C.

Hard of Hearing

Are there any special facilities provided by the Church in this country for those afflicted with deafness?—O. B., AVOCA, PA.

In every diocese where the Catholic percentage of deaf and dumb calls for it, organized provision is made for their welfare, not only along spiritual but also material lines—such as education, social life, and employment. A typical example is the apostolate in the diocese of Brooklyn, with its center at 191 Joralemon St., and its monthly journal, *Ephpheta.* Many priests in this country are expert in sign language and lip reading, and some devote their ministry exclusively to this apostolate for the afflicted. For information as to missions and retreats, and other services for the deaf and dumb, we suggest that you contact the Chancery Office of your diocese.

Sacraments on the High Seas

Am about to make a 'round the world cruise. Can I plan on getting to the sacraments during that time?—N.K., PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

If there is a priest aboard, during all or part of the trip, in all probability he will have obtained permission to celebrate Mass at sea. With permission, he can also administer the Sacrament of Penance. Permission may be obtained from his own bishop, from the bishop of the port of embarkation, or from the bishop of any port of call during the voyage.

St. Paul of the Cross

The quality of your excellent magazine prompts my question—who is the founder of the Passionist Order? Where can I obtain a biographical sketch?—M.C., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Write to THE SIGN for the pamphlet biography, entitled as above. Enclose 10¢ plus 3¢ for postage.

"The Sign Post" is an information service for our readers. Letters of inquiry should be addressed to "The Sign Post," c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Inquiries should pertain to the faith, practices, and history of the Catholic Church. Inquirers should identify themselves by giving name and address. Anonymous letters will be disregarded. Questions are not answered by private reply. Personal problems of conscience—especially marriage cases—should be referred to one's pastor or confessor.

THE HOURS OF THE PASSION

The Imprisonment

by ***JUDE MEAD, C.P.***

Wood Engraving by Bruno Bramanti

"And they blindfolded Him and smote His face"

his was the loneliest hour for the God-Man in His entire Passion—the false trial, the mistreatment, and His imprisonment

NE of the stormiest scenes in the Passion of Christ which both modn art and literature have altogether glected is the imprisonment of Jesus rist. There is no dearth of paintings the *Ecce Homo,* or Christ before late after His mistreatment by the oman soldiers. From Fra Angelico d the medieval miniaturists, however, l the present, the sufferings of Christ the hands of the Jews from the time His trial to the Court of Pilate have en either forgotten or confused with er sufferings in Passion art.

This was the loneliest hour for the d-Man in His entire Passion. His se trial before the High Priest ended th the judges spitting in the face of rist and walking out on Him, leaving r Saviour to the gentle care of the ldiers and servants of the High Priest. is not surprising to see in the inspired rrative of the Passion that these nials continued to follow the despible example of their masters.

St. Luke describes the scene for us. "And the men that held Jesus mocked Him and struck Him.

"And they blindfolded Him and smote His face. And they asked Him saying: Prophesy, Who is it that struck Thee?

"And blaspheming, many other things they said against Him." (Lk. 22:63)

This was what went on after Jesus had been led from His trial, through the courtyard where He healed Peter with a glance, and dragged into His prison to await the daylight. It was well that the prison of Jesus was subterranean. It was not becoming that the face of the earth should be defiled with such an orgy of wickedness and injustice. St. John Chrysostom tells us, "On that night, all the pits of the infernal world were unlocked, and after breaking their chains and the bolts of hell, Lucifer and his satellites rushed to Jerusalem, entered in and took possession of the bodies of all, Jews and pagans alike, to pour out through them upon Christ their long-stored hatred, envy, and anger, their rage, and all their fury." Surely a dramatic passage but not equal to the reality of that awful hour.

The remains of the low-vaulted, little prison in which Jesus was incarcerated still exist for the spectator to behold and be astonished. The niche for the earthen lamp reminds us of the lateness of the hour of the imprisonment of Our Lord. He must have been half dead for the want of sleep and rest. He is fatigued by loss of blood in the Agony, by the stages of His forced march from the garden, and by the seemingly endless time He has been standing for false trials and abuse.

But Christ is not allowed a moment's rest. Indignity upon indignity is heaped upon our gentle Saviour. Our Lord is chained as a common criminal. Then He is made the sport of His jailers. They cover His face with a veil, half in jest for the mock prophet, and half in earnest, because they cannot stand the piteous gaze of the Man of Sorrows. They strike Him. He is kicked and

VIGIL

by ***DONNA CALLAHAN GARAY***

Flicker, flame and glow,
Hold off the hovering shadows;
Softly gleam and throw
Your tortured tongue above the rose-touched cup.

Soft now, thy light;
Take gently up my prayer;
Cry on through brooding night,
Begging still
When I have stopped my lips.

---

buffeted. They strike Him with rods or sticks and He is spat upon. These mad men even pluck the hair from His head and beard.

In this frightful abuse of Jesus is fulfilled the words the Prophet of old had put in the mouth of the Messias. "I have given over my body to the strikers, and my cheeks to them that plucked them. I have not turned away my face from them that rebuked me, and spit upon me." (Is. 50:6)

They mock Jesus in His office of Prophet. Striking Him beneath the filthy veil and asking Him to identify them who struck Him. And, sad to say, this divine descendant of Prophets and Kings did identify His strikers, reading their hearts and souls.

As if these words and deeds were not enough, they begin to blaspheme. Now they insult Jesus in His eternal office as the Son of God. What a shock to the gentle ears and Sacred Heart of Jesus. And Jesus weeps not for His sufferings but for the insults offered His Heavenly Father and His own Divinity.

"Weeping He hath wept in the night, and His tears are on His cheeks; there is none to comfort Him among all them that were so dear to Him: all His friends have despised Him and become His enemies." (Lam. 1:16)

St. Athanasius warns the jailers of Christ, "Know you not that you are merely wounding your hands, while you strike the cornerstone?" While this apostrophe is eminently true, it does not detract from inhuman and merciless treatment of Jesus Christ in His Imprisonment.

TO the medieval mind this treatment of Christ was almost incredible. The Passion miniatures represent Christ surrounded by a pack of jackals or hyenas. Again in an ancient manuscript from southern Germany, Jesus is represented behind bars with an iron collar about His neck, a kind of aureole of hands surrounds Him and in almost cryptic medieval German the legend reads, "God in Distress."

What a soul-piercing thought! What a revelation to all those who love Jesus. God is in distress. In distress at the hands of impious men while He Himself is helpless, shackled, and imprisoned. This is indeed a bitter hour for Christ. A lonely and unforgettable hour. But Jesus Christ is the Man of the Hour. Every hour is His triumph.

And even in this lonely hour He is the Conqueror.

Daybreak finds its way into the grated, sunken chamber and cruciform shadows fall upon the sleepless and blood-stained eyes of Jesus. The Saviour looks up, and with joy salutes the day for which He was born and for which He came into the world. With infinite tenderness He thanks His father for this day of days. "His going forth is as the morning light." (Os. 6:3)

Most of us have lonely hours. Men and women have hours of distress, physical, mental, and spiritual. Our modern generation is in a prison of its own making—forced underground by its own fears. Even our song writers who seem to grasp the public pulse chant out, "Don't Fence Me In." What makes modern man the captive of his own circumstances? The answer lies in his fear of suffering. Afraid to suffer himself, man is now afflicted with medicinitis. From Adam, the way to sleep was to rise early, work hard, and retire at night tired. Today the night is turned into day. The day is spent piling up nervous energy and a bottle of pills puts us to sleep at night. Modern men and women are amateur heart specialists, psychiatrists, cancer diagnosticians. The radio and television advertisements make healthy people a group of nervous, enervated, and expectant hospital cases. In their effort to prevent physical suffering in their bodies, they slip into nervous and mental suffering, the like of which past generations would never have imagined possible.

So-called advanced education would spare children suffering by letting them do as they want. Such a procedure merely puts off the reality of suffering until it will hurt them far more because they are not prepared for it.

The sufferings of old age are to be dissolved by a social security number, all planned out to make things easy for men. God's will and God's Providence are an unknown quantity as far as the bright lights of this world are concerned. But they are the only answers man has to suffering.

Not only artists and writers have overlooked the mistreatment of Jesus Christ in prison awaiting His trial. Christians have forgotten its lesson, the fact that even the earth itself is but a waiting station for the great trial, whether or not they are worthy of the kingdom of heaven. They are not without the means of salvation in the sacramental effects of the sufferings of Jesus and in utilizing their own personal sufferings. The precious example of our dear Lord in the sufferings during His imprisonment should be our best help in affliction and distress. Jesus Christ did not hide from suffering. It was His persecutors who blindfolded Him and threw a veil over His face.

St. Thomas tells us that in His Passion the Saviour endured every kind of suffering, physical, mental, and spiritual. He suffered in His body, in His soul, in His good name, in His offices, and from falsehood, injustice, and loneliness. At one time or other such sufferings in varying degree may come to the followers of Christ. During such times the thought not only of how much Jesus suffered for us but also the manner in which He suffered ought to set the pace for His disciples. They in their turn should imitate the quiet dignity of Jesus in the face of opposition and make their own the patient forbearance and the lack of personal retaliation and reprisal which He manifested to the great astonishment of His jailers.

St. Jerome tells us that the full narrative of all Jesus endured in the dark hours of His imprisonment will be revealed only on the day of judgment. Meanwhile the memory of this loneliest of hours in the Passion should be kept constantly before the mind and hearts of those who love Him. No one can ever feel alone or unloved after meditating on the sufferings of Jesus in prison. Those who are sick, those who are confined by age or circumstances, those who are alone and neglected, all have in Jesus the Prisoner of love a perfect model. No amount of money, no professional visits of charity, no joyful radio message, can bring the strength of will, the peace of soul, and the fullness of love that the message of the imprisoned Redeemer can give. "I am the Lord, Thy God, who take thee by the hand, and say to thee: Fear not, I have helped thee." (Is. 41:13)

Stage and Screen

by ***JERRY COTTER***

Reviews in Brief

Mario Lanza, pictured above with feminine lead, Doretta Morrow, has the opportunity to mix comedy with arias in BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE, a Technicolor musical rich in entertainment value for the entire family. As an opera star drafted into the Army, Lanza runs into more than his share of GI problems. Needless to add, the main interest is in Lanza's vocal contributions, which run the gamut from "The Lord's Prayer" to a song called "Lee-Ah-Loo." In between is a lengthy list including *Miserere* from "Il Trovatore," "Granada," and "The Song the Angels Sing." Familiar but thoroughly enjoyable, with Doretta Morrow making a pleasant screen debut and James Whitmore, Spring Byington, and Jeff Donnell in a capable supporting company. (M-G-M)

THE HAPPY TIME is a rather static adaptation of the Broadway stage success. It is an adult comedy concerned with the romantic peccadillos of the male members of a French-Canadian family. Much of the story is concerned with the adolescent development of the family heir who leaves boyhood under the questionable influence of a grandfather and uncles who act like retarded sophomores. There is a certain degree of humor to the proceedings and a superficial attempt to polish it off with a moral. The acting is uniformly good, with Charles Boyer and Bobby Driscoll outstanding as the father and boy faced with the perennial growing-up problem. (Columbia)

ASSIGNMENT-PARIS is an intriguing drama with a strong topical theme about Americans imprisoned behind the Iron Curtain. Dana Andrews, as a foreign correspondent working on the story of an American citizen imprisoned as a spy, meets the same fate. The picture presents a telling indictment of terror state methods and is a powerful melodrama in the bargain. George Sanders and Marta Toren round out a good starring trio in this timely drama suitable for every audience. (Columbia)

John Ford, whose *Quiet Man* is now delighting nationwide audiences, is less successful with his remake of WHAT PRICE GLORY? The Maxwell Anderson-Laurence Stallings play, from which this springs, enjoyed a post-World War I success on Broadway and in the fadeout era of the silent movies. This time the moronic tanglings of Captain Flagg

and Sergeant Quirt seem tedious and tawdry. The inevitable comparison to more recent war stories provides a double liability which even Ford cannot overcome. Pudgy, overacting James Cagney is badly miscast, and Corinne Calvet's antics hardly qualify as a performance. Dan Dailey is convincing, and such stalwart troupers as James Gleason and William Demarest labor briefly, but valiantly. Hardly a Hollywood answer to television. (20th Century-Fox)

Suspense is the principal ingredient of BEWARE, MY LOVELY, a psychopathic charade adapted from the stage play, *The Man.* Though not an outstanding example of the style, it does have some moments of genuine excitement. Ida Lupino is cast as a widow who hires a handyman sent by an employment agency. He is a mental case and, at the first opportunity, barricades the house so that she cannot escape. The lack of action in this cat-and-mouse melodrama does detract from the story's impact, but the assured performances of Miss Lupino and Robert Ryan lend interest to an otherwise placid session. (RKO-Radio)

SOMEBODY LOVES ME is a stereotyped backstage saga, unrelieved by originality or humor. Based on the careers of Blossom Seely and Benny Fields, vaudevillians of the gaudy era, it defies the energies of Betty Hutton and the nostalgic appeal of selections from yesteryear's hit parade. Ralph Meeker plays a minstrel man in a manner indicating either complete disinterest or the year's top miscasting. Routine, and a bit ragged, despite Technicolor tinting and a few enjoyable musical interludes. (Paramount)

An antiquated *double entendre* serves as the basis for a frantic farce aptly titled MONKEY BUSINESS. This time out the action centers around a stodgy scientist working on a rejuvenation formula which his firm hopes to market. He fails, but a chimpanzee in the lab tosses a few compounds into a test tube and empties it into the water cooler. From that point on everyone gets younger and sillier. We suspect the scriptwriter and director stopped by for a drink too. Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Monroe prance around as directed in this elongated, suggestive version of those old Mack Sennett comedies. (20th Century-Fox)

Another chimp figures prominently in BONZO GOES TO COLLEGE, a rollicking campus lark in which satire and slapstick blend smoothly. Running away from carnival life, friend chimp is taken in by the family of a college professor. When it is discovered that Bonzo can throw a forward pass straight and far, he is enrolled in the college and made the star of the dispirited gridiron eleven. How our side wins the big game is a hilarious climax to one of the year's funniest movies. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edmund Gwenn, Gene Lockhart, Charles Drake, and Gigi Perreau are splendid, but the well-trained Bonzo is the picture's real star. A delightful funfest for the family. (Universal-International)

Considerable imagination and an awareness of suspense values have gone into the making of THE STRANGER IN BETWEEN. British-made, the film is an outstanding example of the chase melodrama in which backgrounds are blended for the best effect. In this instance, a six-year-old boy, running away from his foster home, stumbles on a murder. The killer takes him along as a hostage on the flight from London to Scotland, and thence to sea in a stolen herring boat. Realistic touches fleck the production, adding to the entertainment value of a basically strong suspense story. The picture is notable also for the naturalness of John Whiteley's performance as the willing hostage and Dick Bogarde's good work as the fleeing criminal. Adult in tempo and tone, with portions of humor and sentiment to balance the tension, this is highly recommended. (Universal-International-Rank)

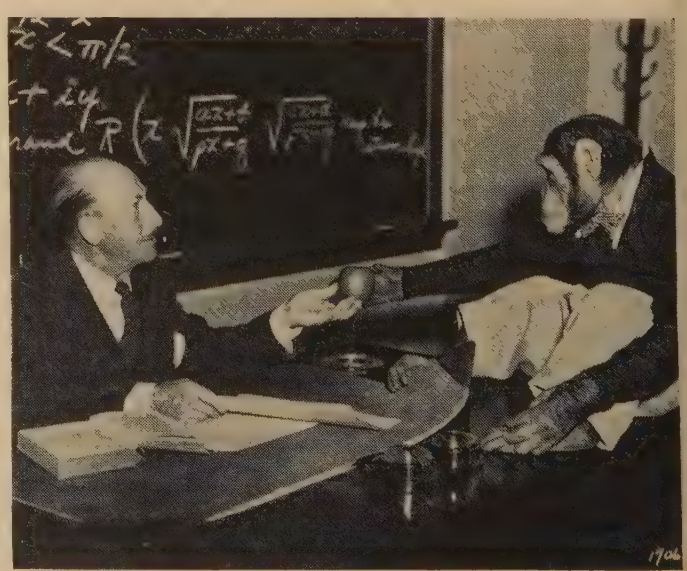
In the rousing tradition of the pirate chanteys, YANKEE BUCCANEER sails through well-charted but always turbulent seas. The Saturday matinee set, at least that portion of it not yet alienated by television, will cheer lustily as the mighty galleons of the Spanish Main are permanently scuttled by the adolescent U. S. Navy. Technicolor adds to the beauty of this flamboyant melodrama. Jeff Chandler, Scott Brady, and Suzan Ball carry off the leads in convincing style. (Universal-International)

BIG JIM McLAIN is a high-powered melodrama revolving around Communist infiltration in Hawaii. Filmed on the spot on Honolulu, it emerges as a hard-hitting indictment of the Soviet octopus without sacrificing entertainment to propaganda or *vice versa.* Utilizing the semidocumentary technique, it stars John Wayne as an investigator for the House Un-American Activities Committee. He is sent to Hawaii with another agent to ferret out Communist sabotage in the labor field. The action perks up when the investigators start to penetrate the island's Red cell, an important link with the Kremlin's agents in the Orient. Several effective points are made in exhibiting the tactics by which traitors and saboteurs often escape punishment by taking refuge in the broader interpretations of the Fifth Amendment. Wayne, an avowed foe of the Communist movement in this country, is also co-producer of the picture. His performance measures up to his usual rugged best and he gets excellent co-operation from Nancy Olson, James Arness, Alan Napier, Veda Ann Borg, and Hans Conreid, among others. Excellent melodrama and a potent example of what can be done by Hollywood toward counteracting the Communist barrage. (Warner Bros.)

O. HENRY'S FULL HOUSE is the Hollywood counterpart to Britain's *Quartet, Trio,* and *Encore.* Just as O. Henry

★

Hilarious comedy, "Bonzo Goes to College" is the story of an educated chimp in college



nd Somerset Maugham were working in widely separated oods, so do their movies strike diverse notes. Maugham's ick sophistication is supplanted by the varying shades of agedy, tender humor, and outright burlesque that char- cterized O. Henry. The five stories chosen for screen treat- ent are "The Ransom of Red Chief," "The Clarion Call," The Cop and the Anthem," "The Last Leaf," and "The ift of the Magi." Each has its own special appeal, rang- g from the ironic humor of Laughton's appearance in The Cop and the Anthem" to the outright pathos of "The ift of the Magi." Technically the production is well set p, with Fred Allen, Jeanne Crain, Farley Granger, Anne axter, Richard Widmark, and David Wayne turning in erformances only slightly less brilliant than Laughton's. n adult package with a provocative twist, this should satisfy ie thousands who have tired of Billy the Kid and sadistic urder as screen subjects. (20th Century-Fox)

idelights

here is often an ironic note in the casting news that comes rom the Hollywood studios. Example: *Man on the Tight ope* is a new anti-Communist movie which will be pro- uced abroad with Hollywood talent. Elia Kazan will direct nd Frederic March will appear as the object of a ruthless anhunt by the Soviet underground. As the relentless remlin agent who pursues the victim, the producers have st Adolphe Menjou—who has been the most outspoken and ctive anti-Communist on the Hollywood scene!

laywright Arthur Miller and humorist James Thurber have cently spoken out against what they believe to be the basic use of the theater's depressed condition. Miller places the lame on "the threat of McCarthyism and Congressional vestigations," which he believes have filled the creative inds of playwrights with "dread." It has been our belief at Congressional investigations were directed against Com- unists, and that Communism *per se* is the avowed enemy f our government. Thurber finds that writers are "suspect nd tortured" today, but he doesn't say which ones he has mind. Why any creative artist of today, playwright, ainter, or actor, should be cowed by the actions of indi- idual Congressmen or investigating groups isn't quite clear. Howard Fast should be worried and perhaps Mr. Miller's political conscience isn't clear. A good many Red sympathizers in the entertainment world are undoubtedly fidgeting lest their associations be publicized. But if Miller and Thurber intend to imply that the creative output in America of 1952 is dependent on the state of mind of the extreme left-wing artisans, their arrogance is pathetic.

Hollywood has been justifiably worried during the past two years by the threat of television, by inflationary tendencies, and by the evident reluctance of the public to support mediocre movies. This fall the first glimmerings of hope have appeared. *The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima* is proving to be a box office success, in addition to being a reverent and beautiful motion picture. *The Quiet Man,* produced in Ireland by John Ford, is breaking records everywhere. *Robin Hood, High Noon, Ivanhoe,* and *Ivory Hunter* are also helping to prove that there is nothing wrong with the industry that a good movie can't cure. But even a television commercial is preferable to the sordid themes, the psychiatric studies, and the crime sagas which have played so prominent a part in the industry's recent past.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *Mrs. McThing*

FOR ADULTS: *The King and I*

(On Tour) *Oklahoma*

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *South Pacific; The Male Animal; Stalag 17; Guys and Dolls; Top Banana; The Moon is Blue; Point of No Return; The Four-poster*

(On Tour) *Bell, Book and Candle; Call Me Madam*

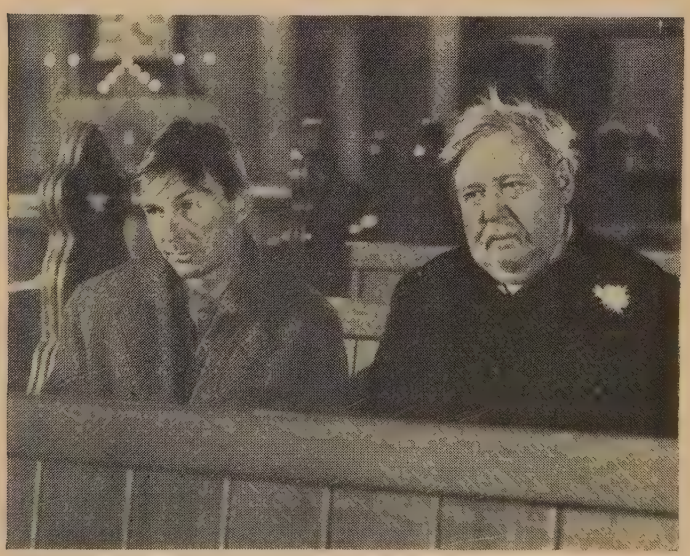
COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *I Am a Camera; Pal Joey*

(On Tour) *Good Night Ladies*

★

Adventure and love share billing in "Big Jim McLain," with John Wayne and Nancy Olson

David Wayne and Charles Laughton in one of five stories in "O'Henry's Full House"



Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

An Added Duty

NEXT MONTH come a lot of things—the sere and yellow leaf. Thanksgiving, and the presidential election. And this month, while there is yet time, comes from me an appeal about the last-named item.

Some lines from a poem came into my mind as I was thinking about this, an old bit of verse learned in grade school for a Friday of recitations:

"Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires—
God and your native land!"

It is my text for today and it is addressed strictly to women.

Perhaps the material and the spiritual have often mingled in conflicts, but surely never more than today. In other days, it was for most people enough if they lived a good life, prayed for the end of evil and wrongdoing, knew their catechism, and went to church. All these things men and women still ought to do, but something has today been added to these duties. Conscience is no longer merely personal but also social. There is today a very definite feeling that we are our brother's keeper and all of us must be alert to help. Today women must carry out not only the "blankets and soup" form of charity but also that other kind which means an awareness that we must not only give thanks that we are free, but help the world to be free, both for the sake of the imprisoned and for our own. For we are learning that freedom has implications and responsibilities we did not know about until we saw what happened to people who bartered or lost or had wrenched from them that freedom.

There were women saints of old who did nothing but pray; there are religious today who make prayer their duty to the world, and it is still very necessary. There were women saints who did what today we call social work, and among them one may mention a Catherine of Siena, who tramped about her country urging that Rome become once again the center of Christendom, or an Elizabeth of Hungary who fed the poor and became poor herself to do it, or any of the great and holy women who saw what was happening to the world they lived in and did what they could to make it better.

Use That Vote

SOME OF THESE THINGS we need not do today, nor in the way these women did them. But we have today a clear duty, and I venture to say Catherine of Siena would be telling us all that we should do what I am urging every woman who reads this to do, to use the franchise her land—and in particular the men of her land—have given her and to vote. The green graves of our sires may not be in immediate danger, but the places where they are buried may be some day. Nor does it at first appear that our altars are in danger nor our fires, which is a poetical way of saying our homes. But all around us are strange enemies who often act like friends, silent traitors who use words like peace and democracy as disguises for their intentions of material—and, worse, spiritual—murder. But it is true that our land is still firmly entrenched in God and our faith is free.

For presidential choices we have this year two good men, and the vice presidential candidates look good too. Behind neither man is there any deep taint of anything that make us feel obliged to vote for the other. So I am not urging you to vote for one or the other. All I want is to have every woman vote.

Nothing in a long time has given my heart more joy than the statements made this year at the closing session of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, as reported in the papers. These women discussed and passed resolutions on matters that showed firm understanding and a comprehension of the importance of altars and fires, of God and their native land, and of other lands too. They recommended that the UN take action against the persecution of religion in Soviet-dominated countries; they passed resolutions condemning teaching of "official atheism" (a wonderful way of phrasing it) and the curtailing of freedom of worship in Eastern Europe as threats to democratic principles. They expressed alarm at "mounting reports" of the establishment of slave labor camps and called for investigation of property rights violations in Jerusalem and effective internationalism of the Holy Places there.

Here in their own country, and in reply to the recent odd statements made by Dr. Conant about private schools, by which of course he meant chiefly parochial, and to those of Mrs. Meyer, who is on the President's Commission on Higher Education, these women demanded the right to have religious schools. They used a phrase which gave great pleasure to this reader: they spoke of the "monolithic system in which children are taught by a single philosophy of education."

Meeting Well Reported

THE MEETING was important for various reasons. It showed a sturdy standing together in basic facts and a hope for reform of the nation and the world. The New York papers gave the meeting ample coverage and carried no report of arguments regarding resolutions, as sometimes happens in the meetings of womens' groups.

Also, this was completely a lay group and no one could say it was ruled by clerical opinion. In fact, Bishop O'Donnell, who was preacher at the Pontifical Mass the members attended, called on the women to be leaders in the apostolate of the laity. And there were, please note, five hundred thousand graduates of Catholic colleges in this country represented by this federation. So, in all enthusiasm, I say, hurrah for our side.

I hope these women all vote. I am sure they will, for they have a strong civic sense. And they have the Holy Father behind their efforts. Only last year he told the women of Italy, and by inference the women of the world who have the vote, to use it. In their hands, he said, lay the future of the world; let them go out and vote.

In Italy the Holy Father spoke at a time when elements there which were Communistic were close to winning the elections. Here we are not faced with such a conflict, but we do need to have many women this year turn out and vote. It is important to elect good men to office, a thing which this election is bound to do. It is even more important to show the enemies of freedom that women are a force to be reckoned with and they are definitely ready, now or later, to strike for their altars and their fires and for God.

Three Lions Photos

The figures of a huge Rubens' painting appear to look inquisitively at the humidity recorder at Liechtenstein.

Liechtenstein: WORLD'S TREASURE TROVE

• In the Rhine Valley between Switzerland and Austria lies one of the smallest sovereign states of Europe, the Principality of Liechtenstein, with an area of only sixty-five square miles. Hidden in the dungeons of a medieval castle in this small state, and free from the clutches of the Reds, is the richest private art collection in the world. It is the collection of one of the most ramified families of Europe—the Princes of Liechtenstein.

It is—and was—perhaps this very ramified quality of the Liechtenstein family that preserved almost intact this incredibly monumental collection. Actually the collection belongs as an entity to all the members of the family. But so widespread were the members that on no occasion was it possible to get all the consents to facilitate the sale of any given object. They just continued to collect individually and to store communally.

The huge collection was normally on display in the Vienna Palace that the Princes originally built to house it in proper style. But when the Communist armies began moving into Austria, the Princes quickly

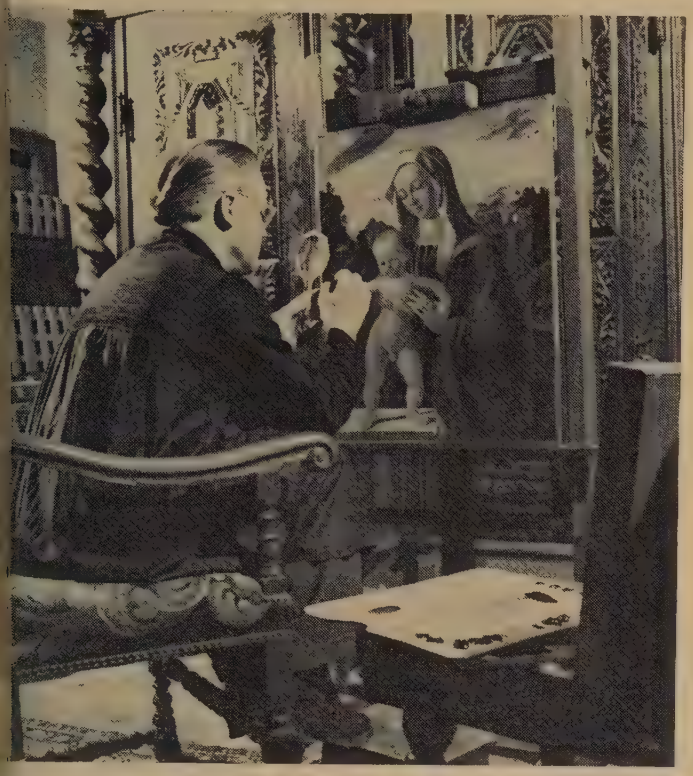
Franz Josef II, present ruler of Liechtenstein, (hand in pocket) looks at newly arrived Titian's "Christ."

mustered a fleet of motor buses, loaded the art treasures, and had them carried across the Rhine back into their original home in Liechtenstein. Rumor has it that one of the treasure-laden buses never reached its destination. If it didn't, it left only a scarcely noticeable lack in the vast assemblage of art, statuary, paintings, old armor, tapestries, and sundry objects that range from the incredibly rare to the mediocre collectors' pieces that might turn up in less exalted compendia.

Though these masterpieces are now kept underground and will remain there until the Red hordes leave Austria, they are preserved in the most scientific manner, as can be seen from the pictures. In the meantime, the Liechtensteins will continue to collect as has always been their mission. In fact, one of the favorite mottoes of the family is the quotation from Goethe regarding the patron of arts: "The beautiful must be encouraged, for only few are able to create it, and yet so many have need of it."

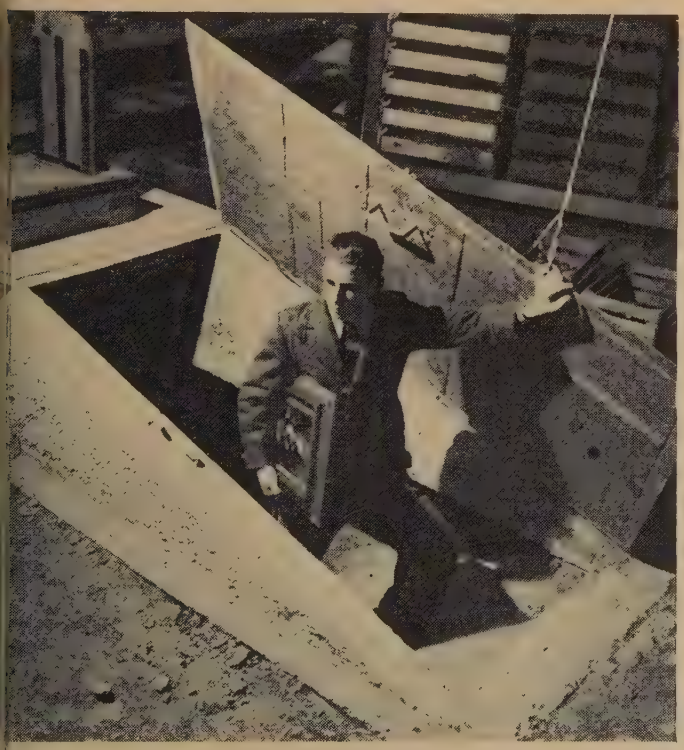
The entrance court of the castle where the famous paintings and other art objects are safely stored.

Hidden in the dungeons of a medieval castle in tiny Liechtenstein is the world's richest private art collection



Professor Hajsinek of Vienna, renowned restorer, checks one of the paintings with magnifying glass.

Dr. Gustave Wilhelm is in personal charge of the two thousand paintings stored in the castle cellar.



A curator emerges with a Flemish masterpiece. The iron door guards the Rubens and Rembrandts below.

Though the public is excluded from the castle, a few paintings are sent to Lucerne for exhibition.

CLOSE HARMONY

Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy have made a successful team by putting the comedy of their private life into the act

by
PEGGY and JERRY COTTER

Peter Lind Hayes and his wife Mary Healy

AMIABLE extroverts, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy have done more than any other duo to blast broadcasting's Mr.-and-Mrs. routines out of a saccharine rut. At the same time they have managed to transfer intact the camaraderie of their private lives to microphone and camera. Television, supper club, and movie audiences find them refreshingly different from the formula comics who clutter up the funways.

With a merry song or two, a flip approach, and an oversupply of talent, they have established themselves as the most likeable young stars in the entertainment field. Their clowning is hilarious, without insulting intelligence or decency, and the twinkle in their eyes takes the sting out of the most biting caricatures.

Whether ribbing such institutions as Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, or presenting a tidy variation on a current musical play, which they call "The Thing and I," Hayes and Healy manage to avoid the commonplace and give a saucy twist to the sacrosanct.

Even the most ardent MacArthur supporters chuckle when Peter and Mary turn up in a lifesize impression of the General and his wife entering a night club. The band strikes up "The Star Spangled Banner," and the General turns to Mrs. MacArthur with a smile as he whispers: "Darling, this is OUR SONG!"

This sort of rapier-thrust wit started Peter off on a vaudeville career at the age of fifteen, when he and the Irish Christian Brothers at Iona Prep came to a mutual agreement.

From the age of nine Peter had been spending his summers touring with his mother, the well-known headliner, Grace Hayes. Between terms at parochial school in Cairo, Illinois, he covered the big time and the small time with a whopping impersonation of Jackie Coogan. He now claims that this had something to do with the eventual demise of vaudeville, but it hasn't yet been proved!

By the time he was sparring with the high school curriculum at Iona, Peter was precocious and clever enough to be writing sketches for his mother's act. He was also an avid Cab Calloway fan and never missed the jazz maestro's broadcasts. Cab clashed head-on with the Iona study periods, which always came out a poor second on the Hayes schedule.

Obviously something had to give, especially since Peter's stage-mania was contagious, and Iona had never been intended as an incubator for embryonic gagsters, song writers, and hoofers.

"I was finishing a week's engagement in Schenectady," recalls his mother, "when I received a telegram from the school principal asking me to come to New Rochelle at once. Right after the last performance on Saturday night, I drove the 200 miles imagining all sorts of horrible tragedies. Then they told me. The Brothers thought Peter would be happier if they parted company. I guess they were right. He joined my act at the Palace a short time later and has been at it ever since."

During the decade which followed, Peter developed his comedy talent through observation and close contact with the top funmakers in the country. He claims that most of his education came through his admiration for stuttering Joe Frisco, a lively veteran with a jet-propelled wit.

It was while working as a Hollywood juvenile in a series of prewar musicals that Peter first met Mary. A New Or-

ans girl who had been signed for pic-
ires after graduating from St. Mary's
igh School, and serving a brief business
orld apprenticeship in a movie ex-
hange, Mary was making fair progress
a sweet-smiling ingenue. Even she
idn't realize, then, that she had the
akings of a top grade comedienne.

What set Mary Healy apart from a
undred other aspiring Dusés of the
ay was a clear, fresh singing voice. She
ad sung in her parish choir back home,
nd also for a spell in the Roosevelt
otel, so in addition to acting chores,
ollywood gave her the chance to trill.

Vaudeville had slipped out from un-
er Grace Hayes and all the other fa-
ous names of a glamorous era by this
me. She had settled in the San Fer-
ando Valley and opened the Grace
ayes Lodge, a restaurant gathering
lace for the displaced of the two-a-day,
nd a showcase for ambitious youngsters.
wo of the most promising in the latter
roup were her son Peter, and his
rown-haired, brown-eyed bride.

T was here that Peter created the
mannerisms and style of comedy that
ave become indelibly his own, and
so found the opportunity to develop
e zany impersonations which have
ade him one of the country's top
imics. There also, Mary acquired the
age presence and vocal assurance that
ere to prove so invaluable when the
usical stage beckoned with roles in the
roadway version of the Catholic Uni-
rsity musical hit, *Count Me In,* and
pposite Orson Welles in *Around the
orld in Eighty Days.*

"We didn't start working as a team
ntil after Peter returned from serv-
e," Mary recounted, "but when he
as discharged from the Air Force we
ecided, then and there, we'd been sep-
ated long enough."

"We figured out if the Lunts could do it, so could we. We joined forces and made it one career," chimed in Peter. "We found a house with running water, electricity, and a golf course outside the window—and we settled down. Now we wouldn't think of accepting any engagement unless it calls for both of us."

The new team had little difficulty finding work. Audiences, sated with run-of-the-mill entertainers, found their fresh, clean fun infectious. Before long Hayes-and-Healy were skidding skyward with their own television shows, vaudeville assignments, and oft-repeated movie offers.

Unlike so many of their contemporaries, they manage to avoid the pitfalls which have scuttled other promising careers. A combination of amazing versatility and good sense is the answer. They aren't brash in their attempts to win laughs, and they don't use off-color material in any form. Their impersonations are incisive, without being offensive, and sincerity shines through their efforts as a surprising, extra added attraction. In fact they are as unassuming as any couple-next-door, with talent added.

Since entering the television field in 1949, Mary and Peter have become favorites with a much wider, more appreciative audience. Their most recent series, "Star of the Family" on CBS-TV, comes closest to being the ideal showcase for their talents. Calling themselves the "low-comedy" Lunts, they have a rollicking rumpus-room style of clowning that hasn't yet been completely captured for the channels.

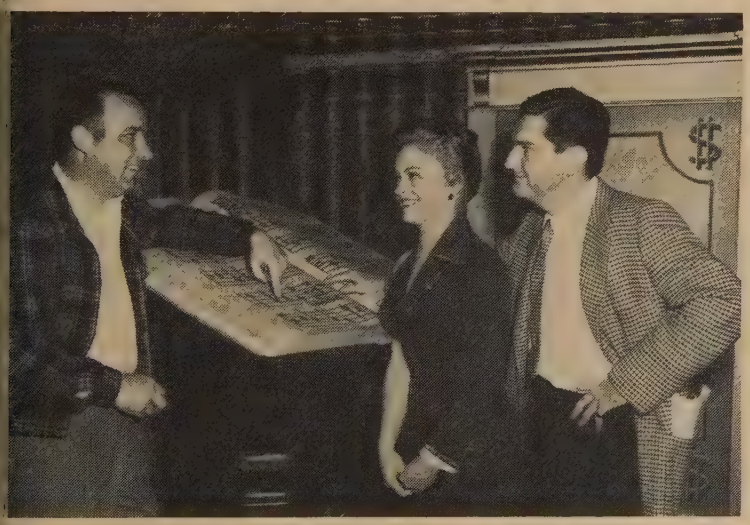
They recently returned to Hollywood for an ambitious Technicolor fantasy called *The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T,* and a quarter-hour film for The Christophers' *What One Person Can Do* series. Last summer they introduced London audiences to their subtle satire in an appearance at the Palladium.

Just as any sensible Catholic couple would feel, Peter and Mary are perhaps happiest because their tandem career has given them the chance to plunge roots in the suburbs with a comfortable home for the children they have consistently refused to publicize, Peter Michael, age three, and Cathy Lynn, one.

THEIR Westchester home is not a place to drop Peter's oft-used golf clubs, or hang Mary's chapeau. It is a cheery and unpretentious gathering place for a wide circle of friends and co-workers, a proving ground for Peter's gadgets, an indoor putting green when the weather is blustery, and a rehearsal hall for new songs and routines. A summer sun porch has been converted into a studio with heavy drapes and a thick rug to provide the sound proofing.

In their portrayal of an average, happy pair of young marrieds, Peter and Mary have done a great deal to brighten the smudged picture of the married state as seen so often on stage and screen. Like the equally successful Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz team, they have created for the television audience a natural, easy-going relationship symbolic of married life as most couples know it. They've done it by just being themselves, whether the cameras are focused on them or not.

Whether satirizing the modern cycle for supper club patrons at the Waldorf Astoria, radiating King-size portions of intelligence, wit, and charm for the television audience, or being unobtrusive, for fun-loving suburban parents, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy have found the formula by working in close harmony.



Peter and Mary with Bob Crosby in scene from their recently made movie "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T"

Peter Hayes started in show business at nine with his mother (center) Grace Hayes

Books

SAINTS FOR NOW

Ed. by Clare Boothe Luce. 312 pages.
Sheed & Ward. *$3.50*

Clare B. Luce

An extraordinary array of diversified ace authorship makes this an overwhelming volume. The only constants one can discover in *Saints For Now* are the subject—it is about Saints—and the high caliber of its gallery of writers. Each Saint has his own biographer, and some have two. The Saints range from St. Simeon Stylites, who spent his life dizzily on top of a fifty-foot column in the Syrian desert, to St. Francis de Sales, who graced the drawing rooms of Savoy and taught titled ladies how to serve God. St. Augustine, the most brilliant of the Church Fathers, is billed with the Curé of Ars, a priest of notoriously less academic luster. The American reader will hear—probably for the first time—about the sixth-century Englishwoman, St. Radegund, while hearing once again about the most popular Saint of our time, the Little Flower.

But these nineteen Saints do not spread-eagle the field of hagiography any more remarkably than the twenty-one biographers infiltrate the corners of literary craftsmanship and religious persuasion. Rebecca West and Whittaker Chambers are not of the Faith. Eight are converts. Three are poets. Seven are top-flight novelists.

A random pass at this list of contributors would whet the appetite of any reader who is looking for a lot in one book. The names of Alfred Noyes, Kathleen Norris, Evelyn Waugh, Rebecca West, Whittaker Chambers, Paul Gallico, Vincent Sheean, Kate O'Brien, and Bruce Marshall will illustrate what I mean.

One's personal response to any of these Saints and their biographical handling by the individual authors will be determined by the same thing that determines one's response to any item on the menu of a reliable restaurant. Not so much the fact that one offering is better than another. But rather one's mood, the moment, or some trick of taste.

MARTIN TANSEY.

THE SILVER CHALICE

By Thomas B. Costain. *533 pages.*
Doubleday. *$3.85*

Thos. Costain

The Silver Chalice is an invigorating diversion about early Christian derring-do. One, not so much of boy meets girl as will boy silversmith manage to make likenesses of all Twelve Apostles for the Silver Chalice, before old age or Nero's dirty work do them in. Velocity of action rather than nuance is its *forte*. And there is a guessing game throughout—which bearded stranger is which apostle, or will Mr. Costain have to come right out and tell you?

It is rich in lively interludes: imperial orgies, camel chases, street fights, a touch-and-go courtroom scene. The personnel are exhilarating: centurions, sirens, heroines, and lots of satisfying rascals. The top rogue of them all is Simon the Magician, the Christian's shrewdest foeman, undone only when he comes to believe his own fake publicity.

The leading characters, Basil of Antioch and his bride, Deborra (the Richest Girl in the World), are the book's weakest vessels. He is a sort of grown-up Lord Fauntleroy and she, a first-century Rowena Ivanhoe. But they are (in this novel, anyway) the kind of young couple weird things happen to. Who but Basil could escape from Nero's banqueting hall (just after announcing himself a Christian) and right from under the imperial nose, in a sedan chair made of pie crust and hard candies?

The book is mostly horse opera set to hymn music. But it is written in proper good taste, has verve and comedy—not all intentional, perhaps. Too, when his subjects demand reverence for sacred people and things, Mr. Costain knows how to write reverently.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

THE MAN ON A DONKEY

By H. F. M. Prescott. *631 pages.*
Macmillan. *$5.00*

In its brilliant re-creation of life in sixteenth-century England, full and rich and turbulent, yet so casual as to bring history very close to the reader, in its fidelity to the spirit of history without the distortion of interested historians, and in the deft creation of character, *The Man On A Donkey* has, as far as I know, no equal in modern fiction.

The theme, The Pilgrimage of Grace, is deliberately introduced late so that the reader may come to it steeped in the life of the times. Instead of retarding the reader's interest, it crystallizes it at exactly the right moment, for whatever he may think of Henry the Eighth making himself sole head of the Church in England or of the Act of Suppression, he can think only one thing of men who are ready to give their lives that the faith may remain.

The Pilgrimage was put down by the ruthless savagery of the King and the co-operation of great lords and bishops who stood to gain by these new laws and who did not see that when you destroy law you come under the domination of men. It is easy for men to go against the grain of their conscience when their interest is concerned. One says in essence, bide your time and this injustice will be set right; another, why should I refuse what all the great men of the realm have given their assent to? Why do you come to me—I don't meddle in such matters?

But there are other men who are ready to sacrifice everything that the Faith may be saved, who see in their sufferings a repetition of the sufferings of Christ, and who are faithful to their King and to God, but to God first of all. And so the Pilgrimage failed, but only in time, not in eternity; because their blood has purchased freedom for those who follow.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

MIDCENTURY JOURNEY

By William L. Shirer. *312 pages.*
Farrar, Straus & Young. *$3.50*

W. L. Shirer

This is no sentimental journey but a grim appraisal of Europe in 1950. William Shirer of *Berlin Diary* fame first went to Europe in 1925, and in this book he seeks to see and summarize what has happened there in the intervening years.

The book starts with "Thoughts in a Plane Over the Ocean," and the thoughts are nostalgic ones of the world before 1914. Mr. Shirer seems so certain that everything was perfect in that golden age, so pompous and didactic,

at you may feel like taking the next ane back to New York. It won't help hen he opines that Ireland (the first pp), since becoming a free nation, has rned into a dull, petty, and narrow-inded land.

In Belgium the author reviews the se and fall of the recent king, Leopold I. The report is completely unfavor-ble, and the facts presented support is view. Then we go on to Vienna in Glimpse of on Indestructible City." e credits the Austrian chancellor, Dr. naz Seipal, a Catholic priest, with sav-g Austria after World War I, but then ens a rabid attack of hatred against s successors, Chancellors Dollfuss and huschnigg. The same hostility is own, in a later chapter, to Chancellor ruening of Germany. These Catholic ti-Nazi leaders are branded as enemies democracy in a one-sided condemna-n which should include in its scope ch stern war leaders as Abraham Lin-ln, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. osevelt, and Winston Churchill. hese, however, are only some few and s favorable aspects of a really valuable d fascinating book. The chapters on rmany and England are superb, and "A Coming Home" the author rightly ews with alarm the present intolerance thought and expression in the United tes.

HASTINGS BLAKE.

HE TRAITORS

By Alan Moorehead. *222 pages.*
Chas. Scribner's Sons. *$3.50*

his book is an inter-ting contribution to e effort a bewildered ee world is making understand the mo-vations of the gifted en of science who ve sought to betray The lethal secrets veloped in the mic research centers of the United tes, Canada, and England were rned over to the avowed enemies of ese countries not by venal men or weaklings cajoled by ravishing female ents. Sober, conventionally honest, d outstandingly talented scientists, n inaccessible by their habits of life d their all-absorbing interest in their rk to the vulgar blandishments of rruption, went to great lengths to ve away to an enemy Power secrets ich certainly constitute the richest ul made in the annals of treason and pionage.

A. Moorehead

The able journalist, Alan Moorehead, tempts to explain some of the why in is baffling drama. His book deals with ree of the physicists connected with e seepage of atomic secrets to the viet Union: Allan Nunn May, Klaus Fuchs, and Bruno Pontecorvo. But the greater part of it is devoted to Fuchs, the most interesting psychologically and the most significant because of the scope of his transactions.

The world has probably never been in want of self-appointed saviors. But rarely has the world suffered greater potential damage at the hands of one man acting, against the world's better judgment, in what he considers to be its own best interests. The case of Klaus Fuchs, a man nourished on faith in the absolute primacy of the individual conscience, is a tragic demonstration of the fallacy of unaided private judgment. A man's conscience is certainly the tribunal to which he must submit his conduct. But the validity of the judgments of this court depends on acceptance of the jurisprudence of the painfully accumulated wisdom of humankind, and of the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Judge who gives its sanction.

Mr. Moorehead's treatment of these devious ways of human conduct provides rewarding and enjoyable reading.

FENTON MORAN.

MORALITY IN AMERICAN POLITICS

By George A. Graham. *337 pages.*
Random House. *$3.50*

G. A. Graham

The title here might be misleading. This book is only incidentally about corruption and immorality in public office; it is primarily concerned with what is right and what is wrong with our governmental system. It is basically a splendid analysis of faults in the executive, legislative, and judicial branches, with explanations of the political pressures and defects causing the faults. Its author is a Professor of Politics at Princeton University.

Unquestionably it is timely, and, if it be granted that anything opposed to political evil is worthwhile, then it can be highly recommended as being worthwhile. The author was consultant for the Senate subcommittee on Ethical Standards and quotes freely and extensively from that committee's report. This in itself is splendid because that report is one of the greater public documents to come out of recent Congresses, but one which, unfortunately, did not have the widespread publicity required to make such reports effective.

An amazing fact about the book is its fairness. A reader with normal partisan political prejudices cannot complain of the choice of concrete examples and incidents. The work is definitely not slanted in favor of any political system,

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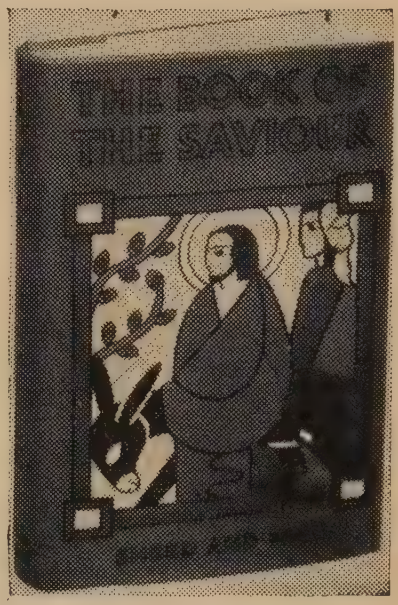

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philosophy, or party. Regarding the ethical norms applied in the few sections representing personal views of the author, it would seem that they are somewhat utilitarian. He seems inclined to view as good a set-up or system which works.

TOM HURLEY.

EDITH STEIN

By Sister Teresia de Spiritu Sancto.
Sheed & Ward. *238 pages.* *$3.25*

Sometime during August of 1942, Edith Stein was put to death in Auschwitz concentration camp for the double crime of being a Catholic nun and a Jewess.

This little book is a series of glimpses into her life, supplied by herself and by her sisters and friends. It has a freshness and vividness that formal biography often lacks. Sister Teresia de Spiritu Sancto, Edith Stein's novice mistress, has neatly joined the recollections and supplied most of the details of Edith's life in Carmel; once again we learn that contemplatives can write well.

Twenty years before her death, Edith Stein picked a book at random from the library of a friend. It was the biography of St. Theresa of Avila. "I began to read," Edith tells us, "was at once captivated, and did not stop till I had reached the end. As I closed the book, I said, 'This is the truth.'"

She had progressed through psychology to the phenomenological philosophy of Husserl (whose assistant she became) and finally to Catholicism. Speaking of her early days of groping, Edith says that her thirst for truth was a prayer in itself. As an atheist, she could scarcely have had any other.

Edith's mother, a devout Jewess and a capable businesswoman, emerges as one of the strongest characters of the book. Her last despairing effort to deter Edith from entering Carmel is an echo of Israel's dilemma: "Then why have you learnt more? I don't want to say anything against Him. He may have been a very good man. But why did He make Himself God?"

PAT GAVAN RILEY.

THE HELL CATHOLIC

By Father X. *155 pages.*
Sheed & Ward. *$2.00*

The hero of Father X's latest book is not explicitly Father X, but a twenty-two-year-old young man who just couldn't get through college. Our hero describes himself as a "hell Catholic"—one who remains in the Church more from the fear of hell than the love of God. Worried by his fondness for beer and association with an undesirable group, his mother decides to send him on a Holy Year trip with his cousin, Father Hallan.

The trip to Rome and the shrines of Europe form the thread of the story. And though the young man protests that he is ignorant of Catholic doctrine, he is continually embroiled in theological discussions. When he is unable to give the correct answer, there is always his cousin, Father Hallan, conveniently at hand. There is a sprinkling of romance and adventure in this story but not of sufficient length or intensity to distract the reader from the fact that Father X is behind the scenes with a very readable explanation of the current difficulties that beset a non-Catholic or pagan with regard to the Church.

The book is written in a breezy and humorous style that befits the blasé "hell Catholic" of today. But somehow the reviewer could not see a real live young man as the hero of this story, but merely a puppet dangling from the agile fingers of a very capable Father X.

WILFRED SCANLON, C. P.

McCARTHYISM: THE FIGHT FOR AMERICA

By Senator Joe McCarthy. 104 pages.
Devin-Adair. *50¢*

Sen. McCarthy

In the above title—and not for the only time in history—an opprobrious epithet is turned to use as a badge of honor. The label, "McCarthyism," was coined by Owen Lattimore and put in circulation by the *Daily Worker*. It was seized upon with glee by "liberal" editors and commentators who have enlisted as Marxism's fifth

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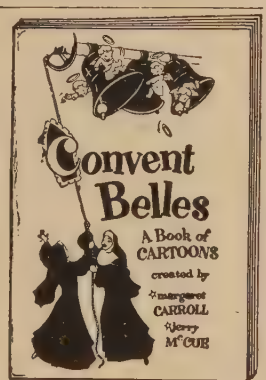

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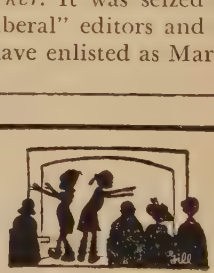

Strategy

▶ One bright, sunny day, two children came trudging down the street of a Southern town. The older girl was solicitously leading her younger brother, who had his eyes tightly shut.

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column in the land of the free, and by crews of terrorists who wage defamation under the self-righteous tag of anti-defamation.

Not often has so huge a mass of evidence been marshaled with such cold and efficient artistry. The documentation of the book-length pamphlet is overwhelming; there is scarcely a paragraph without its reference to a specific page of legal testimony.

Individual objectives include Dean G. Acheson, Secretary of State; Ambassador Philip C. Jessup, Gen. George C. Marshall, and former Senator Millard E. Tydings. But the devastation wrought upon such notables appears child's play in comparison to the havoc visited upon Owen Lattimore. During the Tydings committee hearings, McCarthy stated that he was willing to let his crusade stand or fall on the Lattimore case. It will be hard for an open-minded reader to deny that the contention still stands.

The pamphlet appears to have been completed before Senator McCarran published the report of his investigation of the Institute of Pacific Relations. This document was signed with the names of seven Democratic as well as six Republican members of the eminently responsible Senate Judiciary Committee. It recommended that the sleek and shifty operator from Johns Hopkins should be arraigned for perjury, and pronounced flatly that "Owen Lattimore, from some time beginning in the 1930's, was a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy."

RICHARD L. STOKES.

THE MEMOIRS OF HERBERT HOOVER: VOL. III

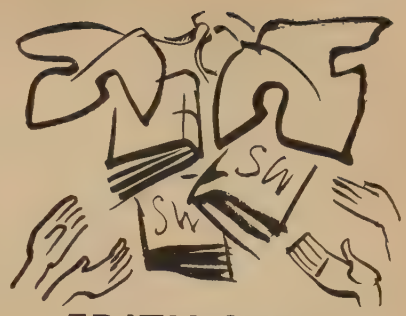
By Herbert Hoover. 503 pages.
Macmillan Co. $5.00

H. Hoover

This third and final volume of the Hoover memoirs is by far the most significant portion of the former president's political testament, if only because it deals at length with the "Great Depression" which the author so correctly, if somewhat mildly, refers to as the "central difficulty" of his term as chief executive.

Undoubtedly, close observers of the business cycle will seriously question Mr. Hoover's analysis of the origins of the depression as well as his contention that it continued until 1941. Be that as it may, several important conclusions emerge from this carefully written resumé of the storm that struck in 1929.

Only the political diehards will still insist, after reading Mr. Hoover's account, that he sat by and did nothing



EDITH STEIN

by Teresia de Spiritu Sancto, O.D.C.

This is the first biography to appear in English of one of the most astonishing figures of our time. Edith Stein was born of German Jewish parents, became a notable philosopher, came into the Catholic Church, entered Carmel and died in a concentration camp. Her mind and her holiness are equally remarkable: you will be glad to know her. Frontis. **$3.25**

FROM CONFUCIUS TO CHRIST

by Paul Sih

Foreword by Bishop Fulton Sheen

In spite of present appearances, both Dr. Sih and Bishop Sheen look forward to a time when all China will find its way to Christ via Confucius. This is the way the author came himself and is, he says, the most natural way for all his fellow countrymen. Frontis. **$3.00**

UNDERSTANDING EUROPE

by Christopher Dawson

The author sees Western civilization in peril on both sides of the Atlantic, not from outside half so much as from within. The great danger is our own lack of realization of what we shall lose if our way of life is swept away. Christopher Dawson is quite clear what we must do (and do fast) if we are to survive. **$3.50**

SAINTS FOR NOW

Edited by Clare Boothe Luce

The contributors to this book have one thing in common besides fame: they all have a special admiration for one saint and an idea that *he* (or she) is the man we need *now*. So (to name a few of them) Paul Gallico writes on St. Francis, Rebecca West on St.Augustine, Bruce Marshall on the Cure of Ars, Barbara Ward on St. Thomas More. It was Mrs. Luce's idea to ask all these people for contributions but we wonder if she guessed what a wonderful response she would get and what a superb book would result. Illus. **$3.50**

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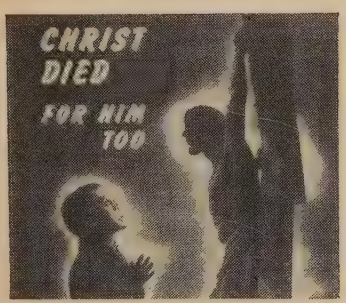

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while the country suffered the ravages of economic catastrophe. Unlike predecessors during earlier depressions, President Hoover offered Federal leadership to mobilize the nation's resources. He contends that by April, 1931, "the American depression to all appearances had run its course" only to return with increased force as a result of the financial panic in Austria and Germany in mid-1931.

The electoral campaign of 1932 is, of course, given detailed attention and much information is brought to light for the first time. Quoting freely from former colleagues or supporters of President Roosevelt, Mr. Hoover is severely critical of the New Deal, which he refers to as America's departure "from the road of free men."

For a greater appreciation of a truly remarkable man, it is to be hoped that all three volumes of the series are widely read.

C. P. BRUDERLE.

WOMAN ON HORSEBACK

By William E. Barrett. 362 pages. Doubleday. $3.50

W. E. Barrett

This book retells the story of an awful moment in the history of Paraguay, perhaps the most awful since the founding of Asuncion in 1537. This was the five-year-war, beginning in 1864, between Paraguay and the triple alliance of Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentine, which so stripped Paraguay of manpower and resources that she has even yet not fully recovered.

Mr. Barrett's re-creation of that war is skillfully done. His focus is through Francisco Lopez, the dictator-president of Paraguay, and his Irish mistress, Elisa Lynch. Lopez was cruel, passionate, wily; Mme. Lynch was beautiful, heroic in an ignoble cause, and the source of much poor advice. Neither had any business as heads of state, for their genius was to destroy that which they touched. Yet, both have a fascination; they had a veneer of culture, a desire to do the right thing, yet were turned from their goal through vainglory and selfishness. The essence of their tragedy, which is a modern one, is that not only were they destroyed, but that the holocaust they created all but destroyed a nation.

There is a lively sense of history in this book which is based upon actual happenings. Mr. Barrett's retouching is, as a matter of fact, rather slight, and most of the time he reads more like a history book than a novel. If he has pointed up Mme. Lynch's role and emphasized her heroism on the battlefield,

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is perhaps the better to enliven history without distorting it.

Woman on Horseback is something to be read with a good deal of thought. And, to help the reader, Mr. Barrett includes several pages of notes, plus a chronological history of Paraguay.

ALDEN WHITMAN.

THE FRONTIERS

By John Strachey. *250 pages.*
Random House. *$3.00*

John Strachey

The Frontiers is a run-of-the-mill story about a young British flier, who, early in the war, is shot down over occupied France, wanders in a daze through unknown territory until he comes upon a French farmhouse where a girl promises to help him escape. He does escape, but not until the girl and her friends, all members of the Resistance Movement, articulate the ideas that motivate them.

He learns, for instance, that England is fighting to preserve the past, whereas France is being moulded into the future. First there must be a revolution, followed by the Socialist, then the Communist state, the only difference lying in their objectives, these objectives assessed in terms of how they work. In either case, morality is nothing more than a rule-of-thumb which would impede the movement of the future. The only kind of morality they need is to employ any and all means to realize their inevitable historical end.

The characters seem to have no life of their own, but to exist only in the author's ideas. The holiday mood in which they cycle, talk, go sight-seeing is incompatible with the background of war. The great liberal of the group says that men do not feel the tragedy of the

Hopeless

▶ The after-dinner speaker had been talking for close to an hour and was still going strong. An impatient guest complained to the lady seated beside him:

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"I don't think so. I've been trying to do it since I married him twenty years ago."

—Isabel French

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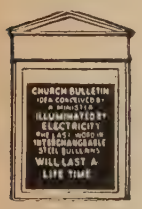

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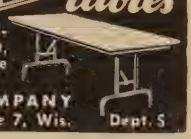

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collapse of their civilization because they are a part of it. But this is applicable to the Resistance group who have merely moved out to the rim of civilization to talk about its fall. The symbolism, however, is clear; England must undergo a sea change before taking her part in the future.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

THE CRY IS PEACE

By Louis F. Budenz. *242 pages.*
Henry Regnery Co. *$3.75*

L. F. Budenz

Though his latest book is dedicated "To the Greater Glory of God," Professor Budenz of Fordham University makes no attempt to vie with Whittaker Chambers in producing a religious classic. What we have here is the implacable blade of a surgeon, brilliantly excising a tumor. The strangling growth attacked by the author is the Communist "peace offensive," which has invaded the sentimental tissues of so many of our countrymen. By "peace," he explains, the Kremlin means an "earthly paradise" where men will no longer be in conflict because everything non-Soviet will have been violently destroyed.

The Communist philosophy of materialism, declares Professor Budenz, uses organized and systematic violence as its agency of progress. From this belief "flows logically the ruthless savagery of the Soviet dictatorship.

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The author is uniquely fitted to unravel the Marxist gobbledegook in which "peace" actually signifies "war to the death." Before he returned to the Catholic Church in 1945, he sat at the heart of the Red conspiracy as managing editor of the *Daily Worker* and member of the National Committee of the U. S. Communist Party. In trials of Communists he has given, without remuneration, as a government witness, more than 3,000 hours of testimony.

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RICHARD L. STOKES.

THE BOOK OF THE SAVIOUR

By Frank J. Sheed. *417 pages.*
Sheed & Ward. *$4.00*

F. J. Sheed

This pregnant volume—a companion to *The Mary Book* assembled a few years ago by the same editor—builds up a composite picture of Our Lord's ministry, sensed first in the mysterious words of the Prophets, emerging with terrific impact from the objective but still mysterious speech and silence of the Gospels, and developed gradually by the innumerable men and women who have loved and studied Him in the Mystical Body of His abiding Church.

Obviously some definite choice had to be made from the richness of this material, and Mr. Sheed has tried the interesting experiment of limiting his quotations—except in poetry—to authors in the main contemporary and almost wholly of his own publication. It is a truism to say that no anthology is ever quite satisfying to any critic but the one who makes it, and seldom even to him. But it would be hard to quarrel either with the plan or the inclusions of the present work, which, starting with an admirable summary of the basic Gospel story, goes on to prove our own age richer than we had thought in spiritual writing. It is much to find a group including, among two score of others, such names as Karl Adam and Arendzen, Chesterton and Belloc, Monsignor Benson and Monsignor Knox, Father Martindale and Sigrid Undset, and Arnold Lunn, with poets ranging from Gynewulf to Alice Meynell. Here, indeed, is a mine of revelation—both of the Saviour we would understand better and the Saviour we take for granted.

KATHERINE BREGY.

THE DISTANT SHORE

By Jan de Hartog. *309 pages.*
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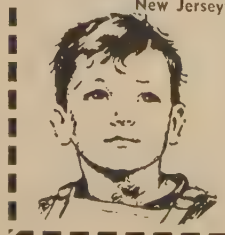

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N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

SHORT NOTICES

ONE SKY TO SHARE. By R. L. Bruckberger. 248 pages. Kenedy. $3.00. Raymond Leopold Bruckberger is a French Dominican priest. French law being notably secularistic. Père Bruckberger acquired the typically checkered career of the wartime French priest. He was a Commando until the fall of France. Then he became Chaplain General of the Resistance groups. For his service to his country, he was awarded the Croix de Guerre and the medal of the Legion of Honor. His literary history includes editorship, authorship of the immensely popular legend, *The Seven Miracles of Gubbio*, and film production. *One Sky to Share* is a two-part journal. The first recounts his war and postwar experiences. The second, his impressions of America since his arrival here in the spring of 1950. There are two qualifications for producing a good

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CATHOLIC AUTHORS. Edited by Matthew Hoehn, O.S.B., B.L.S. 633 pages. St. Mary's Abbey. $6.50. This is the second volume of biographical sketches of contemporary Catholic authors edited by Father Hoehn. The first volume undertook to cover the period 1930-47. It included authors who were alive in 1930 or in any of the years thereafter up to 1947. This volume is a supplement. It deals with authors who have appeared since the publication of the first book, and authors who for one reason or another were not included. Adding 374 vignettes to the 620 compiled in the former book, it makes available almost a thousand sketches of Catholic authors. Every library and every organization dealing with the writing trades owes a huge debt to the patient scholarship of Father Hoehn.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Elizabeth M. Lynskey, Ph.D., Litt.D. 102 pages. Kenedy. $2.00. Catholics and non-Catholics desiring a brief analysis of the basic structure of the Catholic Church will find it here. Doctor Lynskey maps Church organization at all levels from Pope to laity and indicates its objective and function, the interplay of law and personnel. This discussion is eventually guided to a consideration of the current questions of the Pope as spiritual and temporal ruler and collaboration between Church and State. While making available to the laity material which is ordinarily packed into technical works of ecclesiastical science, Dr. Lynskey has not, however, produced a popular presentation of Church Government. This volume requires careful reading. But such reading will be well rewarded.

OPPORTUNITIES IN CATHOLIC RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS. By Godfrey Poage, C. P. 144 pages. Vocational Guidance Manuals. $2.00 cloth; $1.00 paper. Here is an invaluable little book for the boys or girls who feel inclined to devote themselves to the service of God. It answers the questions of just how to get started, whether one is morally fit, and where to inquire. There are brief chapters explaining the opportunities in the Priesthood, Brotherhood, and Sisterhood. The author provides a comprehensive list of orders, and the entrance qualifications for each. The address of each order is given so that the applicant may write for detailed information.

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LETTERS

(*Continued from page 2*)

concerns—the Blue Book in industry in America—are using A.A.

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"Journey to Far Pacific"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In reviewing Thomas E. Dewey's book *Journey to the Far Pacific*, your reviewer brushes it off with the comment that "a V.I.P. who covers forty-one thousand miles in a few weeks does not thereby attain historical perspective." Simultaneously he complains that Governor Dewey, after the same few weeks, "provides neither insights nor *solutions to the vast problems that beset us!*" This is consistency??

As to Mr. Birmingham's contention that the book offers nothing unavailable in a good newspaper, one might as reasonably maintain that much of the world's religious literature is superfluous, the subject having been covered adequately and concisely by the Ten Commandments.

Could it be that Mr. Birmingham's political opinions have colored his reviewer's objectivity?

ETHEL R. SEELY
New York, N. Y.

Plaudits from Ceylon

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I cannot tell you in words how happy I am that I am a subscriber to THE SIGN. My friends often wonder where I get what they call my uncanny insight into the world situation from day to day. The secret is, of course, in the fact that I get my copy of THE SIGN regularly, and it takes me behind the scenes in Korea, in Persia, in Europe, in the U. S. A.—in fact all over the world.

REV. P. PEIRIS, S. J.
Galle, Ceylon

"Walls Are Crumbling"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Many people, I imagine, will think that an author should be satisfied if a reviewer calls his studies "painstaking" and his scholarship "great and searching." But I am sorry I cannot feel happy about Mr. Ashe's review of my book, *Walls Are Crumbling: Seven Jewish Philosophers Discover Christ*, in the July issue of THE SIGN.

In it he remarks that I have "not really established a single case of strictly rational conversion." How could I? How could any one? Was it a "strictly rational" conversion when Abraham left the idols of Chaldea to follow the God who is Spirit? Was it, when Moses exchanged the opulence of the royal court of Egypt for the naked desert? Was Peter merely rational when he obeyed the bidding of the Lord to lower his nets?

The seven philosophers of my book, Jews who grew up in the Jewish silence about

hrist and in the modern denial of God, iscovered Christ and the Church. Some ent all the way, others not; but all of em realized that faith infinitely surpasses ything reason can attain. For we believe God the Three-Personed. We believe in Man whom people could see and hear, ho thirsted and wearied—and who was od; who took His royal body from a vir- in; who was put to death as a criminal, nd by His very death brought life; who se from the tomb, glorious—a marvel nheard of; who made His body our daily read and His blood the cup of salvation. efore these wonders reason must surren- er, and is glad to. "Far greater," says St. homas, "is man's certainty about the ings he hears from God infallible, than at about the things he sees with his own llible reason." The relationship between e great light of reason and the im- easurably greater light of faith is dis- ssed in almost every chapter of my book. am afraid that in asking for "strictly tional" conversions, Mr. Ashe overlooked ese discussions.

He also ignored the full import of Berg- n's last will when he declared that it was oubtful whether Bergson "grasped what atholicism meant," whether he "would ave felt so much attracted on closer miliarity." This Mr. Ashe says in spite the request in Bergson's testament that e world be told of his "moral adherence," e adherence of his mind and heart, to atholicism; in spite of his request that he buried, if possible, with the prayers of priest. In asking the blessing of the urch, Bergson acknowledged her as the rse of his mind, as the guardian of his art, as his soul's mother. In asking that priest accompany his remains, he begged be led into eternity by her hand. Faced th this, which is clearly the working of d's grace, it seems to me that a Catholic n only rejoice and give thanks.

REV. JOHN M. OESTERREICHER

ashington, D. C.

Reading Matter

ITORS OF THE SIGN:

It will interest you to know that in the ilippines there is a government hospital the veterans, similar to the ones you ve in the United States, known as the V. una Hospital, which is located in Quezon ty, north of Manila. Though a regular aplain is assigned, it is evidently beyond e physical power of just one priest to minister to the various spiritual needs d welfare of such a great number of sick diers. For this reason, the Legion of ary in our parish of Singalong, Manila, s responded generously by sending out a up of Legionnaires every Thursday to about the wards, teaching, consoling, d helping in any way those suffering diers. In their few months work, the mber of converts and the return of ing children of the Church to the fold s more than compensated the effort in- ted in this noble cause.

Realizing the insufficiency of their oral tructions in such a short time, the gionnaires see the need for Catholic read- materials to supplement and strengthen ir teachings.

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This problem has brought your magazine to my mind. And because I have a special preference for THE SIGN because of its varied features on all aspects of life—social, political, economic, and religious—as viewed in the light of Catholic principles, I prayerfully hope that you will acknowledge my appeal favorably for any number of past issues of THE SIGN for these sick Filipino soldiers.

REV. SEBASTIAN DE SANGUESA
Legion of Mary, Singalong
Manila, Philippine Islands

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

We have on file the names of almost 2,000 missionaries in English-reading foreign countries who would like to have copies of THE SIGN to help them in their convert work. They distribute these magazines to natives interested in Catholic doctrine. With these magazines they set up reading clinics in atheistic communities. They, also, enjoyably spend many otherwise arduous and lonely travel hours reading these magazines. The Kenrick Remailing Service, 7800 Kenrick Road, St. Louis 19, Missouri, can supply those of your readers who are interested with the name of a missionary to whom they can resend their copies of THE SIGN, along with complete details of the remailing apostolate. This is a wonderful opportunity for our laity to carry out the command of Christ to help teach all nations.

WILLIAM A. DRENNAN
Director
St. Louis, Mo.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Missionary priests in West Africa are pretty much out of touch with the outside world and are badly in need of good Catholic reading material. Perhaps some of your readers would be willing to send along to them their used copies of THE SIGN. The undersigned can supply a name and address upon request.

REV. GEO. MCCORMACK
413 43rd Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Social Work . . .

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Mindful that THE SIGN was cited with an award for editorial content last year, it is with real concern that I try to reconcile the message which Milton Lomask is trying to give about social work. His letter in the July issue indicates misinterpretation of general concepts of social workers, just as did his article in the March issue. It seems to me that one must understand the broad ideas on which social workers agree before starting to measure the ideas which are "out of balance."

There are real dangers to the generalizing which Mr. Lomask has done from reading material. It would be regrettable that perhaps some parents needing help in counseling for themselves or their children might be deterred by the article, which attempts to discredit the profession of social work, or by Mr. Lomask's letter, which misinterprets it.

MRS. JOHN P. GARRITY
Detroit, Michigan